PHILASTER:

OR,

Love lies a bleeding.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it is now acted at

His MAJESTY's Theatre Royal.

Revis'd, and the Two last Acts new Written.

Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore—— Hor. de Art. Poet.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Bentley*, at the Post-House in *Russel-Street*, in *Covent-Garden*. 1695.

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TO
His GRACE
THE
Duke of *Schonberg* and *Lemster*.

MY LORD,

FOR *this Publick Addreſs to Your* Grace, *I have no other Plea, than that of a* Refugee. *The* Muſes *in all Nations, and Ages (and long Cuſtom is little leſs than a claim of Right) have ſtill been ſheltered under the Sanctuary of* HONOUR; *nor are* Diſtance, Height, *or Greatneſs a Bar to thoſe Intruders. Beſides, as* WAR *and* WIT, *the* Mars *and the* Minerva, *were both the Offſpring of* JOVE, *they have ſome flattering dawn of Hopes from Your* Grace's *condeſcending Goodneſs; that the ſame Hand that wields the rougher Thunder, may, poſſibly,*

not disdain a Reception to the gentler Muses. And indeed, where should they boldlier intrude, than where they are the profoundest Homagers? That Renown, that like Your Grace's, *is the fairest Theam to inspire them, must consequently be the strongest Charm to attract them. The Dedications of Poetry are but a part of her Devotion; and as Devotion under the present establish'd English Liberty, may make her Orizons at what Shrine she pleases; I hope Your* Grace *will generously vouchsafe to pardon so bold a bending Knee before You.*

And indeed, where can all Knees more justly bend, than to the Heir of that Illustrious FATHER, *that quitted all the Jewels of his own Native* Ducal-Coronet, *one of the proudest Wreaths of* France, *together with a Patrimony, that might dazle common Eyes, though not so glittering in his own, as to shade his least Jem in* Heaven *for thrice that shining* Earth: *A* Father *that resigned even a proud* Mareschal's Staff, *for little less than a* Pilgrim's. *Nay, I may say, threw over board his whole Load of this* lower World, *to lighten his Transport for a* Higher: *A* Father, *to whose, and his whole* Families *Deathless* Memory, *and* Honour,

our

our whole Nation owes more than a Humane, *even a* Divine *Veneration, as lighting Your* Glories *from an* Altar-Coal, *those Altars, to which You have ſacrificed no leſs than Your* ALL; *leſt Honours, Inheritance, Hopes, Titles, Dignities, all behind You; to wander thoſe voluntary naked* Exiles *to ſome remoter, more* Hoſpitable Colony, *with nothing but a Hand and a Heart, a Soul and a Sword to plant You there.*

'Twas thus the embracing BRITANIA *ſtew with open Arms, to the Reception of thoſe* Princely, *more than welcome* Gueſts *to her Boſom: She look'd upon You, as no leſs than the flying* Gallick Aſtræa, *that had brought over the whole remaining* Juſtice *and* Humanity *of Your Native* France, *and left her only* Oppreſſion, Barbarity, *and* Rapine, *the whole ſurviving growth of her* Tyranick Soyle. *But whilſt our ever honoured* SCHONBERG *is not only* England's, *but her great* CÆSAR's *Darling too; His Royal Favours ſo confer'd, are not His* Grace *but* Gratitude: *He ſtands ſo highly indebted to the Great* SCHONBERGS, *thoſe faireſt* Fleur de Lis's, *planted into its own* Engliſh Roſes, *a* FATHER *and a* BROTHER *both ſleeping in the fatal* Bed of Honour; *thoſe*

lovely

lovely Lillies *died* Crimson *in His Cause; that all his most studied Smiles to the Great* REMAINS *of that Heroick* Root, *are but a faint Acknowledgement of Arrears so Infinite.*

But still, my Lord, *as much Encouragement as Your* Grace's *highest* Character *and* Worth, *and my own Ambition can give me; (for Ambition, even in the humblest Veins, is the natural warmth of the Soile; and this little World of humane kind is but a barren Glebe without it:) Nevertheless, I durst not have ventur'd to have laid this Trifle at your* Grace's *Feet, had not the fairer Merit of the richer Stock I have grafted upon, the two famous Poets of the last Age,* Beaumont *and* Fletcher, *the original Parents of* Philaster, *a little animated this Presumption of subscribing my self,*

MY LORD,

YOUR GRACE's

Most Humble, and

Most Devoted Servant,

E. SETTLE.

The

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Horden.*

TO write a Play is pure Poetick Rage,
For you're so hard to please in this Nice Age,
Who less than mad wou'd Scribble for the Stage?
Poets, of their new Plays so vainly fond,
Mistake the Bristol for the Diamond.
But when Reviv'd Philaster *does appear,*
We come secure, bring Sterling Merit here.
A stanch Old Orient, with true Lustre dress't;
Wit that has stood the Hammer, bore the Test.
No Poet shall by this Day's Doom be kill'd:
We safely fight behind great Fletcher's *Shield.*
That good old Play Philaster *ne're can fail,*
But we Young Actors how shall we prevail?
Philaster and Bellario, *let me tell ye,*
For those Bold Parts we have no Hart, *no* Nelly;
Those Darlings of the Stage, that charm'd you there;
Our feebler Strength must of their Heights despair.
We're tender Buds, till you the Lords o'th' Soil
Warm us to Life by your Auspicious Smile.
The Elder Heroes of the other Stage
Were Striplings once of our young Beardless Age;
And to Perfection did not leap, but climb:
Merit's the Product of long Growth and Time.
Who push for Fame by fair Degrees must strike;
A General in the Field has trail'd a Pike.
Grant us this first our Tryal-Year alone;
Exspect Performance when our Wings are grown:
Let our Pen-feather'd Strength this Favour borrow,
Only to Creep to day, and Soar to morrow.

Actors

THE Actors Names

King.	Mr. *Simpson.*
Philaster.	Mr. *Powel.*
Pharamond.	Mr. *Cibbers.*
Dion.	Mr. *Powel*, jun.
Cleremont.	Mr. *Lee.*
Thraselin.	Mr. *Harden.*
Arethusa.	Mrs. *Knight.*
Galatea.	Mrs. *Cibbers.*
Megra.	Mrs. *Kent.*
Bellario.	Mrs. *Rogers.*

Woodmen, Rabble, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene Sicily.

PHI-

PHILASTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, *and* Tharſelin.

Cler. HERE's no Lords nor Ladies.

Dion. Credit me, Gentlemen, I wonder at it! They receiv'd ſtrict Charge from the King to attend here. Beſides, it was boldly publiſh'd, that no Officer ſhould forbid any Gentleman that deſir'd, to Attend and Hear.

Cler. Can you gueſs the Cauſe?

Dion. Sir, 'tis plain, about the *Spaniſh* Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdom's Heir, and be our Soveraign.

Thra. Many (that will ſeem to know much) ſay, She looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

Dion. Faith, Sir, the Multitude (that ſeldom know any thing but their own Opinions) ſpeak that they would have. But the Prince, before his own Approach, receiv'd ſo many confident Meſſages from the State, that I think ſhe's reſolv'd to be rul'd.

Cler. Sir, it is thought, with her, he ſhall enjoy both theſe Kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Calabria*.

Dion. Sir, it is, without Controverſie, ſo meant. But 'twill be a troubleſome Labour for him to poſſeſs both theſe
Kingdoms with Honour and with Safety,
Whilſt our brave General, the Prince of *Arragon*,
The Conquerour of one of thoſe fair Crowns,
Is living; and living too ſo virtuouſly,
The common Darling of the Peoples Love,
His glorious Services ſo well remember'd,

And all his Injuries ſo much lamented.
Cler. Our brave *Philaſter.*
Dion. Yes, that Galant Hero,
Who in our late *Calabrian* Wars, when our
Inglorious King in two ſet Battels loſt,
Our Armies broken, and our Glory tottering,
Was ſent by Heaven our Champion and Protector;
Took up the falling Sword our feeble Monarch dropt,
And led us on to that prodigious Victory,
As waſht off all our Stains, and more than heal'd
Our Nation's Bleeding Honour.
Thra. Ay, my Lord,
There ſpoke the Voice of Truth. The bold *Philaſter,*
Whoſe Sword has planted us thoſe Fields of Lawrel,
No leſs a Trophy than the fair *Calabrian* Diadem
Laid at the Feet of this ungrateful King.
Cler. Troth, Gentlemen, my Ignorance in State Politicks
Will not let me know, why our forgetful King,
When this moſt generous Stranger,
The *Atlas* of our Kingdom, had not only
Repar'd our Loſs, retriev'd our Fame, won him
A Crown, and ſhielded ev'n the very Head that wore it.
Our King, I ſay, in a Return for all
This Prodigy of Obligations, ſhou'd refuſe him
So reaſonable and modeſt a Requeſt,
As only lending him part of thoſe Forces,
For the recovery of his loſt *Arragon,*
Which his own Hand had taught the Trade of War,
Torn from him in his weak and ſleeping Infancy
By *Spain*'s encroaching Monarch. Nay, and ſtill
Our King to heap thoſe daily Slights upon him,
Making his Services ſo poor a Payment,
As if he ſtudied to inform the World
He never ow'd him any thing.
Dion. Right, Sir.
Philaſter won him a Crown; and ſtill the old Cuſtom,
The Founder of the Feaſt has leaſt part of the Banquet.
But, Gentlemen, you have not hickt the Mark yet.
For his refuſing him to lend him Arms
For the recovery of his loſt *Arragon,*
There's twenty State Excuſes: As perhaps,
He was not willing to provoke a Neighbour
So Potent as the *Spaniard.* Or what not?
But here's a Slight a hundred times more barbarous.
Who muſt he chooſe a Husband for his Daughter,
The Heir of both thoſe Crowns, but this young *Spaniard?*
All the Proud Trophies of *Philaſter*'s Sword,

Made

Made the fair Prize of his insulting Enemy;
Such an Affront! Indignity like this,
Not all the whole State-Rhetorick can soften.

Cler. But, Sir, how does the wrong'd *Philaster* bear it!

Dion. But ill enough, no doubt; I must confess,
His Modesty and Virtue are too Dumb
Complainants: Yet, his Murmurs have but whisper'd.
But when th' Alarm of our Cries shall wake him,
We hope to see that Day, when we shall teach him
To make his Wrongs talk louder.

Enter Gallatea, Megra, *and Ladies.*

Thra. See, the Ladies! By this good Light a jolly Troop of fair ones. What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princess.

Cler. The Second?

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our Confederate Princes: Her Name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her Dishonour, advanc'd beyond *Hercules*'s Pillars. She loves to try the several Constitutions of Mens Bodies, for the good of the Commonwealth.

Cler. She's a profitable Member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me; you shall see these Gentlemen stand their Ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad; what Forreigner would do so? It writes them directly Travell'd.

Cler. Madam, your best Desires attend you.

Gal. So attended, my Train's a very fair one.

Cler. How fair, Madam?

Gal. As Virgin Innocence, Sir.

Cler. O fye! such blooming Youth, and smiling Charms,
And sleep in melancholy Virgin-Sheets!
'Tis a Fault, sweet Lady.

Gal. That you would mend, sweet Lord.

Cler. With all my Soul, dear Angel. [*Offering to embrace her.*

Gal. Nay, hold Sir, Distance and cool Air are Summer Blessings,
And I shall be very angry if you rob me of them.

Cler. By this right Hand, a Gypsie.

Gal. What! for telling you your slender Fortune, Sir?

Thra. Why, *Cleremont*, look to your self, she'll be too hard for you.

Gal. Not too easie, Sir, and the other Fault's more pardonable.

Meg. Why how now, *Gallatea*, all the Hearts your own?
We shall grow envious presently, indeed we shall.
'Tis you that carry the whole Court away.

Gal. As much of it as I can bear, Madam; and truly

A very little tires me. But envious Madam,
Not quite to loſe your Kindneſs,
Nor engroſs all the Love; my tender Weakneſs
Is ready to reſign the heavier weight of it,
To your more able ſtrength.

Meg. Say you ſo, pert one?
You are very brisk, methinks, but I ſhall match you.

Gal. At your own Play, no doubt; for I am no Gameſter.

Meg. Well, well, the time may come——

Gal. When yon and I may laugh together: You at making the Jeſt, and I at marring it.

Thra. But ſee the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethuſa, *Guards*, &c.

King. To give a ſtronger Teſtimony of our Love,
Than ſickly Promiſes (which commonly
In Princes find both Birth and Burial
In one Breath,) we have drawn you worthy, Sir,
To make your fair Indearments to our Daughter;
And worthy Services known to our Subjects:
Now lov'd, and wonder'd at. Next, our Intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,
Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,
(The beſt part of your Life, as you confirm me,
And I believe you) her few Years, and Sex,
Yet teach her nothing but her Fears and Bluſhes,
Deſires without Deſire, Diſcourſe and Knowledge,
Only of what her ſelf, is to her ſelf,
Make her feel moderate Health: And when ſhe Sleeps,
In making no ill Day, knows no ill Dreams.
Laſt, Noble Son, (for ſo I now muſt call you)
What I have done thus publick, is not only
To add a Comfort in particular,
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The Nobles and the Gentry of theſe Kingdoms,
By Oath to your Succeſſion, which ſhall be
Within this Month at moſt.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cler. It muſt be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at beſt, 'twill be but half done,
Whilſt ſo brave a Gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cler. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for my ſelf, and yet I fear too:
Well, we ſhall ſee, we ſhall ſee: no more.

Pha. Kiſſing your white Hand (Miſtreſs) I take leave,

To thank your Royal Father: And thus far,
To be my own free Trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your Subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
And so deserving I dare speak my self)
To what a Person, of what Eminence,
Ripe Expectation, of what Faculties,
Manners and Virtues, you would wed your Kingdoms;
You in me have your Wishes. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a Word, a Prince's Word,
There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom
Mighty and flourishing, defenc'd, and feard,
Equal to be Commanded and Obey'd;
But through the Travels of my Life I'll find it,
And tye it to this Country.
And, dearest Lady, to your dearest self,
(Dear in the choice of him, whose Name and Lustre
Must make you more and mightier) Let me say,
You are the Blessed'st living; for, sweet Princess,
You shall enjoy a Man of Men to be
Your Servant, you shall make him yours, for whom
Ev'n Queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cler. This Speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but a large Inventory of his own Commendations.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. I wonder what's his Price? for certainly he'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his Shape: But here comes one more worthy those large Speeches, than the large Speaker of them: Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find in all the Anatomy of yon Man's Virtues, one Sinnew sound enough to promise for him, He shall be Constable. By this Sun, he'll ne're make King, unless it be of Trifles, in my poor Judgment.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my Obedience,
I bend to beg your Favour.

K. Sir, you have it.

Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks, he fears!
Oh! this same whoreson Conscience, how it jades us!

K. Speak your Intents, Sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?

K. Free as good Manners will allow, you may.

Phi. Then, Sir, if Truth without the Sin of Vanity
May be its own Remonstrance, I come
To tell you (not that I upbraid, or boast)
That I have serv'd you, King. And tho' the fair
Calabrian Diadem was that poor Offering,

That

That the Acceptance more than paid the Present:
However, Sir, the humbleſt Modeſty
May claim this Merit from a conquer'd Crown,
To ſay, 'twas hard, from the adoring World
To chooſe no Homager for thoſe fair Eyes,
But th' only Perſon of the whole Creation
Th' ungrateful Object of my deepeſt Hate:
Not that I think the Man he wears about him
Is worth my Angry Thought: But as the *Spaniard*,
The Son and Heir of that low Spirited Father
That took th' Advantage of my ſleeping Cradle,
To diſpoſſeſs me of my native *Arragon*;
Him to be call'd to wear my Wreaths, my Trophies:
Oh! King, this is too cruel!

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. And now, Sir, for you, Prince, you Forreign Man:
We're ſtare, nor put on wonder; for you muſt
Endure me, and you ſhall. This Earth you tread on,
(A Dowry as you hope with this fair Princeſs,
Whoſe Name I bow to) is a Soyl too Rich
For thy Inheritance, and I up, and living,
Having my ſelf about me, and my Sword,
The Souls of all my Name, and Memories;
Theſe Arms, and ſome few Friends, beſides the Gods,
To ſee thee calmly reap the Royal Harveſt
My Sweat and Blood have planted. I tell thee, *Pharamond*,
When thou art King, look I be Dead and Rotten,
And my Name Aſhes: For hear me, *Pharamond*,
This very Ground thou goeſt on; this fat Earth,
And my Friends made Fertile with their Faiths,
Before that Day of Shame, ſhall gape and ſwallow
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,
Into her hidden Bowels: Prince it ſhall;
By the juſt Gods it ſhall.

Pha. He's Mad, beyond cure, Mad.

Dion. Here's a Fellow has ſome Fire in's Veins:
The Out-landiſh Prince looks like a Tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir Prince of Popinjayes, I'll make it well appear
To you, I am not Mad.

K. You diſpleaſe us,
You are too bold.

Phi. No, Sir, I am too tame,
Too much a Turtle, a thing born without Paſſion,
A faint Shadow, that every drunken Cloud ſails over,
And makes nothing.

K. I do not fancy this,

Call

Call our Phiſicians? Sure he's ſomewhat tainted.
Thra. I do not think 'twill prove ſo.
Dion. Does he intend to give him a general Purge for all the Pains he ſuffers, or means to let him Blood? Be conſtant, Gentlemen, by Heaven I'll run his Hazard, although I run my Name out of the Kingdom.
Cler. Peace, we are all one Soul.
Pha. What you have ſeen in me, to ſtir Offence,
I cannot find, unleſs it be this Lady,
Offer'd into my Arms, with the Succeſſion,
Which I muſt keep: tho' it hath pleas'd your Fury
To mutiny within you: 'Tis ſufficient,
The King will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine: You have your Anſwer.
Phi. If thou wert ſole Inheritor to him
That made the World his; and couldſt ſee no Sun
Shine upon any thing, but thine: were *Pharamond*
As truly Valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ring'd amongſt the choiceſt of his Friends,
And from this Preſence: Spight of all theſe Boaſts,
You ſhould hear farther from me.
K. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this Freedom, to brave our beſt Friends;
You deſerve our Frown: Go to, be better temper'd.
Phi. It muſt be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a Pattern of Succeſſion,
Could Merit but claim Diadems. By my Life,
He is the worthieſt the true Name of Man,
This Day, within my Knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your Knowledge,
But the other is the Man ſet in my Eye:
Oh! 'tis a Prince of Wax.
Gal. A Dog, it is.
Phi. Oh! King! my Griefs and Sufferance.
K. Give me your Grievances in private. [*They Whiſper.*
Phi. Take them,
And eaſe me of a Load, would bow ſtrong *Atlas*.
Cler. He dares not ſtand the Shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him, There's Danger in't. Every Man in this Age has not a Soul of Chryſtal, for all Men to read their Actions through. Mens Hearts and Faces are ſo far aſunder, that they hold no Intelligence. Do but view yon Stranger well, and you ſhall ſee a Feaver through all his Bravery, and feel him ſhake; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no Augury.
K. Go to:
Be more your ſelf, as you reſpect our Favour;
You'll ſtir us elſe: Smooth your Brow, or by the Gods——

Phi.

Phi. I am dead, Sir, y'are my Fate: It was not I
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me,
My weak Stars led me to, all my weak Fortunes.
Who dares in all this Preſence ſpeak (that is
But Man of Fleſh, and may be Mortal) tell me
I do not moſt intirely love this Prince,
And honour his full Virtues?

K. Sure he's poſſeſt!

Phi. Yes, with my Father's Spirit: It's here, O King,
A dangerous Spirit: now he tells me, King,
I was a King's Heir, bids me be a King,
And whiſpers to me, I was born to Empire.
'Tis ſtrange he will not let me ſleep, but dives
Into my Fancy, and there gives me ſhapes,
That kneel, and do me ſervice, cry me King:
Tho' that Proud Daw ſtruts in my borrow'd Plumes.
What tho' I've fixt a Crown on other's Brows,
And want an aiding Hand to claim my own?
What tho' ungrateful Man denies me Juſtice:
Yet there are Gods will hear, and do me Right.
But I'll ſuppreſs him, he's a factious Spirit,
And will undo me; noble Sir, your Hand,
I am your Servant.

K. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll diſpoſſeſs you you
Both of Life and Spirit.

[*Exeunt* K. Pha. Are.

Dion. I thank you, Sir, you dare not for the People.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave Fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking Fellow, hot at hand: but eye yon Stranger, is he not a fine compleat Gentleman? O theſe Strangers, I do affect them ſtrangely; as I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his ſake.

Gal. Comfort your poor Head-piece, Lady, 'tis a weak one.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Dion. See how his Fancy labours, has he not
Spoke home and bravely? what a dangerous Train
Did he give fire to? How he ſhook the King,
Made his Soul melt within him, and his Blood
Run into Whay; it ſtood upon his Brow,
Like a cold Winter Dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no ſuit to me? I am no Minion:

Cle. How do you, worthy Sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And ſo well, that if the King pleaſe I find
I may live many Years.

Dion.

Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your Wrongs and Injuries: Shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add the Merit of your Glories to you,
In whose fair Name we'll waken all the Gods,
To arm for your Protection.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our Ears may be corrupted:
Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love Heav'n, and Honour?
Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, call'd you Father,
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honour'd Sir, she is:
But for the Penance of an idle Dream,
Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter Galatea.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?
Gal. To you, my Lord: The Princess would intreat
Your present Company.
Phi. The Princess send for me? You are mistaken.
Gal. If you be call'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you. [*Ex.* Gal.
Phi. Kiss her fair Hand, and say I will attend her.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes, go to see a Woman.
Cler. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet Face!
By *Jupiter* I must not fear a Woman.
Thra. But are you sure it was the Princess sent?
It may be some foul Train to catch your Life.
Phi. I do not think it, Gentlemen: She's Noble.
Her Eye may shoot me Dead, or those true red
And white Fiends in her Face may steal my Soul out:
There's all the Danger in't: but be what may,
Her single name has arm'd me. [*Exit* Phi.
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly Happy, as th'art Fearless. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arethusa *and* Galatea.

Are. Comes he not?
Gal. Madam?
Are. Will *Philaster* come?
Gal. Dear, Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didſt thou tell me ſo?
I am forgetful, and my Womans Strength
Is ſo o'recharg'd with Dangers like to grow
About my Marriage, that theſe Under-things
Dare not abide in ſuch a troubled Sea.
How lookt he, when he told thee he would come?
Gal. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Gal. Fear, Madam! ſure he knows not what it is.
Are. You all are of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in Praiſe of him; whilſt I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As Fools in Strife throw Gold into the Sea,
Drowned in the doing: But I know he fears.
Gal. Fear, Madam! (methought) his looks had more
Of Love than Fear.
Are. Of Love? To whom? To you?
Did you deliver thoſe plain Words I ſent
With ſuch a winning Geſture, and quick Look,
That you have caught him?
Gal. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of Love to me? Alas! thy Ignorance
Lets thee not ſee the Croſſes of our Births:
Nature that loves not to be queſtioned
Why ſhe did this, or that; but has her Ends,
And knows ſhe does well, never gave the World
Two things ſo oppoſite, ſo contrary
As he and I am: If a Bowl of Blood
Drawn from this Arm of mine would poyſon thee,
A Draught of his would cure thee. Love to me!
Gal. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in.
You Gods that would not have your Dooms withſtood,
Whoſe holy Wiſdoms at this time it is,
To make the Paſſions of a feeble Maid
The way to your bright Juſtice; I Obey.

Enter Philaſter.

Gal. Here is my Lord *Philaſter*.
Are. Oh, 'tis well.
Withdraw your ſelf. [*Exit* Galatea.
Phi. Madam, your Meſſenger
Made me believe you wiſh'd to ſpeak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, *Philaſter*; but the Words are ſuch
I have to ſay, and do ſo ill beſeem
The Mouth of Woman, that I wiſh them ſaid,
And yet am loth to ſpeak them. Oh! *Philaſter*,

Tho'

Tho' by my own rich Veins born Heir to this
Fair *Cicily*, and by thy richer Glories
Intituled to the no leſs Fair *Calabria*,
Yet that unſatisfied Ambition haunts me,
And whiſpers me, I muſt enjoy thy *Arragon*.
Phi. My *Arragon*!
Are. Thine, or I die, by Heaven I die, *Philaſter*,
If I not calmly may enjoy thy Right.
Phi. I would do much to ſave that Noble Life:
Yet would be loth to have Poſterity
Find in our Stories that *Philaſter* gave
His Right to a Royal Scepter, tho' a broken one,
To ſave a Ladies longing.
Are. Nay then hear:
I muſt and will have that, and more.
Phi. What more?
Are. Or loſe that little Life the Gods prepared,
To trouble this poor piece of Earth withal.
Phi. Madam what more?
Are. Turn then away thy Face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. Turn away my Face!
I never yet ſaw Enemy that lookt
So dreadfully, but that I thought my ſelf
As great a Baſalisk as he; or ſpake
So horrible, but that I thought my Tongue
Bore Thunder underneath as much as his:
Nor Beaſt that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear ſweet Sounds? a Ladies Voice,
Whom I do love? Say you would have my Life,
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis of me
A thing ſo loath'd, and to your ſelf that ask,
Of ſo poor uſe, that I ſhall make no Price.
If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
Are. Yet for my ſake a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then Know I muſt have that, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy Love: without which all the Land
Diſcover'd yet, will ſerve me for no uſe,
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't poſſible?
Are. Now, my *Philaſter*, if my bluſhing Weakneſs,
Has not made cheap the eaſy Heart I've given thee,
I have unript my Breaſt.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,

To lay a Train for ſo contemn'd a Life,
Which you may have for asking: to ſuſpect
Were baſe, where I deſerve no ill; love you!
By all my Hopes I do, above my Life:
But how this generous Goodneſs ſhould proceed
From you, thoſe lovely Eyes to ſmile ſo kind,
And ſhine ſo warm upon the loſt *Philaſter*,
By Heav'n, is all amazing!

Are. Another Soul into my Body ſhot,
Could not have fill'd me with more Strength and Spirit,
Than this thy Breath: But ſpend not haſty time
In ſeeking how I came thus: 'Tis the Gods,
The Gods, that make me ſo; and ſure our Love
Will be the nobler, and the better bleſt,
In that the ſecret Juſtice of Heaven
Is mingled with it. Thou haſt been wrong'd *Philaſter*,
And fated by the Powers that reward Vertue,
'Tis I am born to right thee.

Phi. Brighteſt Excellence!
From thoſe dear Charms there pours ſuch Bleſſings on me,
Thus kneeling let me catch the golden Shower.

Are. Riſe, my *Philaſter*, and forgive the Cruelty
Of our hard Stars, when I am forc'd to tell you,
That there's a thouſand dangerous Eyes upon us:
Nor muſt we give our Foes the Power to hurt us.
Since then our happy Meetings muſt be few:
Say, how ſhall we deviſe
To hold Intelligence? That our true Loves
On any new Occaſion may conſult,
What Path is beſt to tread?

Phi. I have a Boy
Sent by the Gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the Court. Hunting the Buck,
I found him ſitting by a Fountain ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his Thirſt,
And paid the Nymph again as much in Tears;
By him a Garland lay, made by himſelf,
Of many ſeveral Flowers, bred in the Bay,
Stuck in that myſtick Order, that the rareneſs
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender Eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs Innocence
Dwell in his Face, I aſk'd him all his Story.
He told me that his Parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the Mercy of the Fields,

Which

Which gave him Roots; and of the Cryſtal Springs,
Which did not ſtop their Courſes; and the Sun,
Which ſtill, he thank'd him, yielded him his Light.
Then took he up his Garland, and did ſhew,
What every Flower, as Country-people hold,
Did ſignifie; and how all ordered thus,
Expreſt his Grief: And to my thoughts did read
The prettieſt Lecture of his Country Art,
That could be wiſh'd. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The truſtieſt, lovingſt, and the gentleſt Boy,
That ever Maſter kept. Him will I ſend
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter a Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.
La. Madam, the Prince is come to do his Service.
Are. What will you do, *Philaſter*, with your ſelf?
Phi. Why, that which all the Gods appoint out for me.
Are. Dear, hide thy ſelf;
Bring in the Prince.
Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond?*
When Thunder ſpeaks, which is the Voice of *Jove*,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And ſhall a Stranger Prince have leave to brag
To a Foreign Nation, that he made
Philaſter hide himſelf?
Are. He cannot know it.
Phi. Though it ſhould ſleep for ever to the World,
It is a ſimple ſin to hide my ſelf,
Which will for ever on my Conſcience lie.
Are. Then, good *Philaſter*, give him ſcope and way
In what he ſays; for he is apt to ſpeak
What you are loth to hear: For my ſake do.
Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My Princely Miſtreſs, as true Lovers ought,
I come to kiſs theſe fair hands; and to ſhew
In outward Ceremonies, the dear Love
Writ in my Heart.
Phi. If I ſhall have an anſwer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have anſwer?
Are. To his Claim to the Crown of *Arragon*.
Pha. Sir I forbore you before the King;

Phi. Good Sir, do ſo ſtill, I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of Right to any Kingdom,
Tho' it be ſcarce habitable.

Phi. Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And, by the Gods!

Phi. Peace, *Pharamond*: If thou ——

Are. Leave us, *Philaſter*.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are Gone: by Heaven I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You ſhall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, *Pharamond*,
I loath to brawl with ſuch a blaſt as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant Voice: But if
Thou ſhalt provoke me farther, Men ſhall ſay,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you ſlight
My Greatneſs ſo? and in the Chamber of the Princeſs?

Phi. It is a Place to which I muſt confeſs
I owe a Reverence: But wer't the Church;
I, at the Altar, there's no Place ſo ſafe
Where thou dar'ſt injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your Greatneſs, know, Sir, I can graſp
You and your Greatneſs thus, thus into nothing;
Give not a Word, not a Word back: Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pha. 'Tis an odd Fellow, Madam, we muſt ſtop
His Mouth with ſome Office, when we are married.

Are. You were beſt make him your Controuler.

Pha. I think he would diſcharge it well. But, Madam,
I hope our Hearts are knit; but yet ſo ſlow
The Ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long
Before our Hands be ſo: A Month, an Age!
So long a Faſt, and not one Taſte of Love.

Are. If you dare ſpeak ſuch Thoughts,
I muſt withdraw in Honour. [*Exit* Are.

Pha. The Conſtitution of my Body will never hold out till the Wedding:
I muſt ſeek out elſewhere. [*Exit* Pha.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philaſter *and* Bellario.

Phi. AND thou ſhalt find her honourable, Boy,
Full of regard to thy ſweet tender Youth,
For thine own Modeſty, and for my ſake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask,
I, or deſerve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing:
And only yet am ſomething by being yours;
You truſted me unknown, and that which you were apt
To conſter, a ſimple Innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been Craft: The Cunning of a Boy
Harden'd in Lies and Theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my Miſeries and me: For which
I never can expect to ſerve a Lady,
That bears more Honour in her Breaſt than you.
Phi. But Boy, it will prefer thee: thou art young,
And beareſt a childiſh over-flowing Love
To them that clap thy Cheeks, and ſpeak thee fair;
But when thy Judgment comes to rule thoſe Paſſions,
Thou wilt remember beſt thoſe careful Friends,
That plac'd thee in the nobleſt way of Life:
She is a Princeſs I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that ſmall time that I have ſeen the World,
I never knew a Man haſty to part
With a Servant he thought truſty; I remember
My Father would prefer the Boys he kept
To greater Men than he, but did it not,
Till they were grown too ſawcy for himſelf.
Phi. Why, gentle Boy, I find no Fault at all
In thy Behaviour.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A Fault of Ignorance, inſtruct my Youth;
I ſhall be willing, if not apt to learn:
Age and Experience will adorn my Mind
With larger Knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful Fault, think me not paſt all hope
For once; what Maſter holds ſo ſtrict a Hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my Stubborneſs, if it be ſo,
Rather than turn me off, and I ſhall mend.

Phi.

Phi. Thy Love does plead ſo prettily to ſtay,
That (truſt me) I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off: thou knoweſt
It is my buſineſs that does call thee hence,
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'ſt with me:
Think ſo, and 'tis ſo: And when time is full,
That thou haſt well diſcharg'd this heavy Truſt,
Laid on ſo weak a one; I will again
With Joy receive thee; as I live, I will:
Nay, weep not, gentle Boy: 'Tis more than time
Thou didſt attend the Princeſs.

Bel. I am gone:
But ſince I am to part with you, my Lord,
And none knows whether I live ſhall to do
More Service for you: take this little Prayer;
Heaven bleſs your Loves, your Fights, all your Deſigns:
May ſick Men, if they have your wiſh be well:
And Heaven hate thoſe you curſe, tho' I be one. [*Exit.*

Phi. The Love of Boys to their dear Lords, is ſtrange;
I have read Wonders of it: Yet this Boy
For my ſake (if a Man may judge by looks
And ſpeech) would out-do ſtory. I may ſee
A Day to pay him for his Loyalty. [*Exit* Phi.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why ſhould theſe Ladies ſtay ſo long? They muſt come this way, I know the Princeſs employs 'em not, for the reverend Mother ſent me word, they would be all for the Garden. If they ſhould all prove honeſt now, I were in a fair taking.

Enter Galatea, *croſſing the Stage in haſte.*

Pha. So, here's one bolted: Now for a fair Chace. [*Aſide.*
Whither ſo faſt, fair Lady?
What, running Races to catch Hearts?

Gal. Catch Hearts! Catch Woodcocks.

Pha. How, Madam! Are poor Lovers——

Gal. O'th' two, the more brainleſs Animals.

Pha. Nay, Madam, ſpeak not ſo contemptibly
Of your poor Captives, nor that noble Paſſion, Love:
It is the daily Work of your Creation:
Thoſe Eyes can't look abroad without inſpiring
A Thouſand Sighs, and melting Souls. No, Madam,
Thoſe lovely Eyes, with all their Heaven of Charms,
Muſt have one ſtarry Spark of Mercy ſhine too.
Yes, you can love a little.

Gal.

Gal. I love! Yes, Sir, most passionately. I love a Mornings Ramble, an Evening's Play, gay Mirth, and flowing Joys; soft Hours, sweet Sleeps, and golden Dreams to crown 'em; provided I have neither Fops, Fools, nor Fiddles to wake me out of 'em.

Pha. Nay, Madam, if Fops and Fools are only excluded, then Wit and Sense, belike, those happier Favourites, may hope a kinder Treatment.

Gal. Nay, Sir, I can't tell that neither; For Wit and Sense are such Strangers to this part of the World, that I declare I am that young Traveller, as never went far enough to meet with either of 'em.

Pha. Nay, my fair Critick, now you are too severe.
But, Madam, not to lose th'important Minute,
But come a little seriously
To the great business Love and Beauty's born for;
Should a bold pushing Lover pitch before you,
What with a fair Challenge and a fair Field, is there no hopes of drawing you to a fair Battel too.

Gal. Faith, Sir, none at all: For, to answer you in your own Martial Dialect, there's Policy in Love, as well as War: And wise Ladies act like prudent Generals; we love, as they fight, never engage, but upon Advantage.

Pha. Nay, then, there's no way left but down-right Canonading.

Gal. Nay, troth, Sir, that will do but little service neither: For to tell you the Truth, what between a little natural Pride, feminine Honour, and some other Virgin Ramparts about me, my Out-works are so very strong, that all your Canonading will do but feeble Execution.

Pha. This is a crafty Wench, I like her Wit well: She's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a Shower of Gold. Madam, look here, all these, and more, ——

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I live, 'tis fair Gold; you would have Silver for it to Play with the Pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time: But if you have present use, my Lord, I'll send my Man with Silver, and keep your Gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady,

Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white Money. Yet for all this I'll watch ye. [*Exit Gal. behind the Hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdom, and near the Court, we may ev'n hang up our Harps; ten such *Champion* Constitutions as this, would call the Golden Age again in question.

Enter Megra.

Here's another. Many fair Mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many Mornings bring as many Days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good Words yet, sure this Wench is free.
If your more serious Business do not call you,
let me hold Quarter with you, we'll talk an Hour

Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of ſome ſuch pretty Subject as your ſelf.
I'll go no farther than your Eye or Lip;
There's Theme enough for one Man for an Age.

Meg. Sir, they ſtand right, and my Lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough;
Or my Glaſs wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twin Cherries died in Bluſhes,
Which thoſe fair Suns above, with their bright Beams,
Reflect upon, and ripen: Sweeteſt Beauty,
Bow down thoſe Branches, that the longing taſte
Of the faint looker on may meet thoſe Bleſſings,
And taſte and live.

Meg. O delicate ſweet Prince;
She that has Snow enough about her Heart
To take the wanton Spring of ten ſuch Lines off,
May be a Nun without Probation.

Pha. But we loſe time, dear Madam:
Can you love?

Meg. Love you, my Lord! How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'le teach you in a ſhort Sentence, 'cauſe I will not load your Memory. This is all; love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lye with you that you ſaid? 'Tis impoſſible.

Pha. Not to a willing Mind, that will endeavour; if I do not teach you to do it as eaſily in one Night, as you'll go to Bed; I'll loſe my royal Blood for't.

Meg. Why, Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll ſooner teach a Mare the old meaſures, than teach her any thing belonging to the Function: ſhe's afraid to lie with her ſelf, if ſhe have but any maſculine Imaginations about her; I know, when we are married, I muſt raviſh her.

Meg. By my Honour, that's a foul Fault indeed.

Pha. And for any other I ſee, excepting your dear ſelf, deareſt Lady——

Meg. Has your Grace ſeen the Court-Star, *Galatea*?

Pha. Out upon her, ſhe's as cold of her Favour as an Apoplex; ſhe fail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her Wit, Sir?

Pha. I hold her Wit! The Strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it. But ſpeak, ſweet Lady, ſhall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your Bed; if you miſtruſt my Faith, you do me the unnobleſt Wrong.

Meg. I dare not, Prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own Conditions, my Purſe ſhall ſeal 'em. Come, I know you are baſhful, ſpeak in my Ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me, at Night I'll viſit you.

Meg.

Meg. My Lord, my Chamber's most unsafe, but when 'tis Night, I'll find some means to slip into your Lodging: till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee. [*Ex. several ways.*

Enter Galatea *from behind the Hangings.*

Gal. Oh thou pernicious Petticoat Prince, are these your Vertues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your Sport up, I am no Woman: And Lady Towsabel, I'll fit you for't. *Exit Gal.*

Enter Arethusa *and a Lady.*

Are. Where's the Boy?

La. Within, Madam.

Are. Gave you him Gold to buy him Cloaths?

La. I did.

Are. And has he done't?

La. Yes, Madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad talking Boy, is it not? Asked you his Name?

La. No, Madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. O you are welcome, what good News?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That says she has done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strain'd a point of Modesty for you.

Are. I prithee how?

Gal. In listning after bawdery: I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find one lawful time to hearken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the Lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where?

Gal. To Night, his Lodging.

Are. Run thy self into the Presence, mingle there again With other Ladies, leave the rest to me: Where's the Boy?

Enter Bellario.

La. Here, Madam.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your Service, is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you, To do him Service.

Are. Tell me thy Name.

Bell. *Bellario.*

Are. Thou canst sing, and play?

Bell. If Grief will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas! What kind of Grief can thy Years know?
Hadst thou a curst Master when thou went'st to School?
Thou art not capable of other Grief;
Thy Brows and Cheeks are smooth as Waters be,
When no Breath troubles them: Believe me, Boy,
Care seeks out wrinckled Brows, and hollow Eyes,
And builds himself Caves to abide in them.
Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

Bell. Love, Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know Grief, and never yet knew'st Love?
Thou art deceived, Boy; does he speak of me
as if he wish'd me well?

Bell. If it be Love,
To forget all respect to his own Friends,
With thinking of your Face; if it be Love
To sit cross-arm'd, and think away the Day,
Mingled with Starts, crying your Name as loud
And hastily, as Men i'th' Streets do Fire;
If it be Love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any Lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every Prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a Bead; if this be to be in Love,
Then, Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O, y'are a cunning Boy, and taught to lye
For your Lord's credit; but thou know'st a lye
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any Truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, Boy, do you attend me too:
'Tis thy Lord's business hastes me thus, away.

Exeunt.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasellin, Megra, Galatea.

Dion. Come Ladies, shall we talk a round, As men
Do walk a mile? Women should talk an hour
After supper: 'Tis their Excercise.

Gal. 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all
My Eyes will do to lead me to my Bed.

Gal. I fear they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your own Lodging with 'em to night.

Exeunt

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The Prince!

Pha. Not a-Bed, Ladies, y'are good Sitters up;
What think you of a pleasant Dream to last
Till Morning?

Meg. I should chuse, my Lord, a pleasing Wake before it.

Enter Arethusa *and* Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my Lord, y'are courting of Ladies.
Is't not late, Gentlemen?

Cler. Yes, Madam.

Are. Wait you there. [*Exit* Are.

Meg. She's jealous, as I live: look you, my Lord,
The Princess has a *Hylas*, an *Adonis*.

Pha. His form is Angel-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed,
Sit by your Pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His Hand and Voice binding your Thoughts in sleep.
The Princess does provide him for you, and for her self.

Pha. I find no Musick in these Boys.

Meg. Nor I.
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.

Dion. Serves he the Princess?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet Boy, how brave she keeps him!

Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a Buck
To Morrow Morning e're y'ave done your Dreams. [*Exit.*

Meg. All happiness attend your Grace: Gentlemen, good rest.
Come, shall we to Bed?

Gal. Yes. All good night. [*Ex.* Gal. Meg.

Dion. May your Dreams be true to you.
What shall we do, Gallants? 'Tis late, the King
Is up still, see he comes, a Guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, *and Guard*.

K. Look your Intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my Life it is.

K. Haste some of you, and cunningly discover,
If *Megra* be in her Lodging. [*Exit* Dion.

Cler. Sir, she parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain Discovery of our Suspicion; be prest not forward, Gentlemen;
Are. But, Sir, I hope your Highness will not tye me to a Man
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.

Cler.

Cler. What should this mean?

King. If it be true
That Lady had much better have embraced
Cureless Diseases. Get you to your Rest, [*Exeunt* Areth. Bel. &c.
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near,
We shall employ you. Is Young *Pharamond*
Come to his Lodging?

Tbra. I saw him enter there.

King. Well; a few Minutes
Shall solve this lowring Riddle. And if this
Lascivious Syren Fiend has play'd the Traytress——

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her Women swear she is within; but they I think are Bawds; I told 'em I must speak with her; they laught, and said their Lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important. They said, their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cry'd, my business was a matter that concern'd Life and Death. They answer'd, so was Sleeping, at which their Lady was. I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since I last saw her. They smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: In short, Sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally: you o'th' Guard
Wait at the back door of the Prince's Lodging,
And see that none pass thence upon your Lives.
Knock, Gentlemen, knock loud, louder yet:
What, has their Pleasure taken off their Hearing?
I'le break your Meditations: Knock again:
Not yet: I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him: Once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy Groom knocks at this dead of night?
By my vexed Soul,
He meets his Death, that meets me, for this boldness.

K. Prince, you wrong our thoughts, we are your Friends,
Come down.

Pha. The King?

K. The same, Sir; come down, [*Enter* Pharamond *below.*
We have cause of present Counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, I'le attend you
To your Chamber.

K. No, 'tis too late, Prince, I'le make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private Reasons to my self,
Make me unmannerly, and say you cannot:
Nay, press not forward, Gentlemen; he must come
Through my life, that comes here.

K. Sir, be resolv'd, I must, and will come: Enter.

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd;

He

He that enters, enters upon his Death:
Sir, 'tis a ſign you make no Stranger of me,
To bring theſe Renegadoes to my Chamber,
At theſe unſeaſon'd Hours.

K. Why do you
Chafe your ſelf ſo? You are not wrong'd, nor ſhall be:
Only I'le ſearch your Lodging, for ſome cauſe
To our ſelf known: Enter, I ſay.

Pha. I ſay no. [Meg. *above.*

Meg. Let 'em enter, Prince,
Let 'em enter, I am up, and ready; I know their buſineſs,
'Tis the poor breaking of a Ladies Honour,
They hunt ſo hotly after: let 'em enjoy it:
You have your buſineſs; Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,
To make publick the Weakneſs of a Woman.

K. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my Lord: your Whootings and your Clamors
Your private Whiſpers, and your broad Fleerings,
Can no more vex my Soul, than this baſe Carriage;
But I have Vengeance yet in ſtore for ſome,
Shall in the moſt Contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nouriſhment.

K. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worſt: but I ſhall wring you,
If my Skill fail me not.

K. Sir, I muſt dearly chide you for this Looſeneſs,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,
Conduct him to his Lodging, and to Bed.

Cle. Get him another Wench, and you bring him to Bed indeed.

Dion. 'Tis ſtrange a Man cannot ride a Stage
Or two, to breathe himſelf, without a Warrant:
If this Geer hold, that Lodgings be ſearch'd thus,
Pray Heaven we may lie with our Wives in ſafety,
That they be not by ſome trick of State miſtaken.

Enter Megra.

K. Now Lady of Honour, where's your Honour now?
No man can fit your Pallat, but the Prince;
Thou moſt ill ſhrowded rottenneſs.
Had you none to pull on with your Courteſies,
But he that muſt be mine, and wrong my Daughter?
By all the Gods, all theſe, and all the Pages,
And all the Court, ſhall hoot thee through the Court,
Fling rotton Oranges, make ribald Rimes,
And ſear thy Name with Candles upon Walls:
Do ye laugh, Lady *Venus*?

Meg. Faith, Sir, you muſt pardon me;

I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee you merry.
If you do this, O King; nay if you dare do it;
By all thoſe Gods you ſwore by, and as many
More of my own; I will have Fellows, and ſuch
Fellows in it, as ſhall make noble Mirth:
The Princeſs your dear Daughter, ſhall ſtand by me
On Walls, and ſung in Ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
Her layes, leaps, out-layes, and will diſcover all;
Nay, will diſhonour her. I know the Boy
She keeps, a handſome Boy: About Eighteen;
know what ſhe does with him, where and when.
Come, Sir, you put me to a Woman's Madneſs,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height!

K. What Boy is this ſhe raves at?

Meg. Alas, good minded Prince, you know not theſe things;
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this Fault
As you would keep your Health from the hot Air
Of the corrupted People, or by Heaven,
I will not fall alone: what *I* have known,
Shall be as publick as a Print; all Tongues
Shall ſpeak it as they do the Languge they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll ſet it
Like a prodigious Star for all to gaze at,
And ſo high and glowing, that other Kingdoms far and Forreign,
Shall read it there: nay, travail with it, till they find
No Tongue to make it more, nor no more People;
And then behold the fall of your fair Princeſs.

K. Has ſhe a Boy?

Cler. So pleaſe your Grace, I have ſeen a Boy wait
On her, a fair Boy.

K. Go, get you to your Quarter:
For this time I'll ſtudy to forget you.

Meg. Do you ſtudy to forget me, and I'll ſtudy
To forget you. [*Ex. K.* Meg. *Guard.*

Cler. Why here's a male ſpirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be nine Worthies of Women, this Wench ſhall ride a ſtride and be their Captain.

Dion. Sure ſhe has a Garriſon of Devils in her Tongue, ſhe utters ſuch Balls of Wild-fire. She has ſo nettled the King, that all the Doctors in the Country will ſcarce cure him. That Boy was a ſtrange found out Antidote to cure her Infections; that Boy, that Princeſs's Boy; that brave chaſte, vertuous Lady's Boy; and a fair Boy, a well-ſpoken Boy: All theſe conſidered, can make nothing elſe——but there I leave you, Gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cler. Dion, Thra.

Cler. NAY, doubtleſs 'tis true.
Dion. I, and 'tis the Gods
That rais'd this Puniſhment to ſcourge the King
With his own Iſſue: Is it not a ſhame
For us, that ſhould write Noble in the Land?
For us, that ſhould be Free-Men, to behold
A Man, that is the bravery of his Age,
Philaſter, preſt down by a thouſand Injuries
By this ungrateful King? And only look,
And ſee the Scepter ready to be caſt
Into the Hands of that laſcivious Lady,
That lives in Luſt with a ſmooth Boy, now to be
Married to yon ſtrange Prince; who, but that People
Pleaſe to let him be a Prince, is born a Slave
In that which ſhould be his moſt noble Part,
His Mind.
Thra. That Man that would not ſtir with you
To aid *Philaſter*, let the Gods forget,
That ſuch a Creature walks upon the Earth.
Cler. The Gentry do all wait it; and the People
All like a field of ſtanding Corn, that's moved
With a ſtiff Gale; their Heads bow all before him.
Dion. But that which we have too much Ground to fear,
Will hold *Philaſter* back from joyning us
In this Attempt, is the fair Princeſs Love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.
Dion. Why, Gentlemen, 'tis without queſtion ſo.
Cler. I, 'tis paſt ſpeech, ſhe lives diſhoneſtly:
But how ſhall we, if he be curious, work
Upon his Faith?
Thra. We are all ſatisfied within our ſelves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own Good,
I'll make this new Report to be my Knowledge,
I'll ſay I know it: Nay, I'll ſwear I ſaw it.
Cler. It will be beſt.
Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaſter.

Dion. Here he comes. Good morrow to your Honour;
We have ſpent ſome time in ſeeking you.

Phi. My worthy Friends, you that can keep your Memories
To know your Friend in Miſeries; a good Day
Attend you all.

Dion. My ever honoured Lord,
We come to urge that Virtue which we know
Lives in your Breaſt: 'Forth, riſe, and make a Head,
The Nobles and the Peope are all dull'd
With this ungrateful King: And not a Man
That ever heard the Word, or knew ſuch a Thing
As Virtue, but will ſecond your Attempts.

Phi. What do I live to hear? Oh! Gentlemen,
As you would have your Names, your deathleſs Names,
Fill the fair Annals of recorded Glory,
Blot not your Memories with a Stain ſo impious.

Dion. No, thou too matchleſs Honour, can we live
Thoſe Galleſs-doves, thus to behold ſuch Virtue
Loaded and cruſht beneath thy Weight of Injuries.

Phi. My Injuries! No, my too generous Friends,
I have no Wrongs; you do not hear me murmur.

Dion. No Wrongs! And ſuch prodigious Services
Thus barbarouſly paid! thy Toyls, thy Victories,
A conquer'd Kingdom! and ſo lean a Harveſt
From ſuch a Field of Lawrels.

Phi. Conquer'd! Name it not.
The Chance of War, meer Providence. Conſider,
It was my ſtars that battel'd, and not I.
But ſay, that I have conquer'd, grant me all
Your utmoſt love can give: Say, I've won Empires,
Worn Crowns upon my Sword in your King's Cauſe;
And he, perhaps, forgets me!
'Las, Gentlemen, I want not his Remembrance.
If I've done well, the Glory of well-doing
Repays it ſelf; Virtue's its own Reward,
In its rich ſelf a fair and ample Patrimony;
And ſtands above the poor and ſordid thought
Of mercenary Hope.

Dion. Oh thou bright Miracle
Of unexampled Worth! Suppoſe that we
Can bear thy Wrongs, can we ſupport our own?
Thoſe poor Hen-hearted Slaves, that abject Patience,
To ſee the fair Succeſſion of a Crown,
Power's Soveraign Regalia made th' Inheritance
Of Luſt and Shame: Perhaps a baſe-got Brood,
Rais'd up to tread upon the Necks of Honour.
The Princeſs, Sir, that once lov'd Beauty, now
The univerſal Hate——

Phi. Why, what of her!

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what ſtrange means?
Dion. She's known a Whore.
Phi. Thou lieſt——
Dion. My Lord——
Phi. Thou lieſt.
And thou ſhalt feel it. I had thought thy Mind
Had been of Honour. Thus to rob a Lady
Of her good Name, is an infectious Sin,
Not to be pardon'd; be it falſe as Hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be ſown
Amongſt the People, fruitful to increaſe
All evil they ſhall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falſhood, whilſt it ſprings:
Set Hills on Hills betwixt me and the Man
That utters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the utmoſt Top fall on his Neck,
Like Thunder from a Clowd.
Dion. This is moſt ſtrange:
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair Truth:
She is my Miſtreſs, and who injures her,
Draws Vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my Arms.
Thra. Nay, good my Lord, be patient.
Cler. Sir, remember this is your honour'd Friend,
That comes to do his Service, and will ſhew you
Why he utter'd this.
Phi. I ask you Pardon, Sir,
My Zeal to Truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard diſhonour ſpoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much diſtemper'd, and enrag'd as now.
Dion. But this, my Lord, is Truth.
Phi. O ſay not ſo, good Sir, forbear to ſay ſo.
Is it then truth, that Woman-kind is falſe?
Urge me no more, it is impoſſible.
Why ſhould you think the Princeſs light?
Dion. Why, ſhe was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis falſe, by Heaven 'tis falſe: It cannot be,
Can it? Speak Gentlemen, for Heaven's Love ſpeak;
Is't poſſible? can Women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why no, my Lord:
Phi. Why then it cannot be.
Dion. And ſhe was taken with her Boy.
Phi. What Boy?
Dion. A Page, a Boy that ſerves her.
Phi. Oh good Gods, a little Boy!
Dion. I, know you him, my Lord?

Phi. Hell and Sin, know him! Sir, you are deceiv'd:
I'll reaſon it a little coldy with you;
If ſhe were luſtful, would ſhe take a Boy,
That knows not yet deſire? She would have one
Should meet her Thoughts, and know the Sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of Wickedneſs:
You are abus'd, and ſo is ſhe, and I.

Dion. How you, my Lord?

Phi. Why, all the World's abus'd
In an unjuſt Report.

Dion. Oh, noble Sir, your Vertues
Can't look into the ſubtle Thoughts of Woman.
In ſhort, my Lord, I took them: I my ſelf.

Phi. Now all the Devils thou didſt, fly from my Rage,
Would thou hadſt ta'ne Furies ingendring Plagues,
When thou didſt take them; hide thee from my Eyes;
Would thou hadſt taken Thunder on thy Breaſt,
When thou didſt take them; or been ſtrucken Dumb
For ever: that this foul Deed might have ſlept
In ſilence.

Thra. Have you known him ſo ill temper'd?

Cler. Never before.

Phi. The Winds that are let looſe
From the Four ſeveral Corners of the Earth,
And ſpread themſelves all over Sea and Land,
Kiſs not a chaſte one. What Friend bears a Sword
To run me through?

Dion. Why, my Lord, are you ſo mov'd at this?

Phi. When any fall from Vertue; I am diſtracted,
I have an Intereſt in't.

Dion. But good, my Lord, recall your ſelf,
And think what's beſt to be done.

Phi. I thank you, I will do it:
Pleaſe you to leave me, I'll conſider of it;
To-morrow I will find your Lodging forth,
And give you anſwer.

Dion. All the Gods direct you,
The readieſt way.

Thra. He was extream impatient.

Cler. It was his Virtue and his noble Mind. [*Ex.* Dion, Cler. Thra.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them:
I'll follow him. O that I had a Sea
Within my Breaſt, to quench the Flames I feel;
More Circumſtances will but fan this Fire;
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This Deed is done, than ſimply that 'tis done:
And he that tells me this, is honourable,

As

As far from lies, as she is far from truth.
O, that like Beasts, we could not grieve our selves,
With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,
To keep their Females, standing in their sight:
But take 'em from them, and you take at once,
Their Spleens away; and they will fall again
To their fair Pastures, growing fresh and fat,
And taste the Waters of the Springs as sweet
As 'twas before. They find no start in sleep.
Enter Bellario.
But miserable Man! See, see ——— you Gods,
He walks still, and the Face you let him wear
When he was Innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted; Is this Justice? Do you mean
To intrap Mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a Brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bel. Health to you, my Lord:
The Princess does commend her Love, her Life,
And this to your dear Hand.
Phi. Oh *Bellario*:
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it
In loving thee, my Boy, she has made thee brave.
Bel. My Lord, she has attir'd me past my Wish,
Past my Desert, most fit for her Attendant,
Tho' far unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, Boy. O let all Women
That love black Deeds, learn to dissemble here:
Here, in this Paper. She does write to me,
As if her Heart were Mines of Adamant
To all the World besides, but to me only,
A Maiden-snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my Boy, how does the Princess use thee?
For I shall guess her Love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her Servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; Or had preserv'd
Her Life three times by my Fidelity;
As Mothers fond do use their only Sons:
As I'de use one left to my careful Trust,
For whom my Life should pay, if he met harm:
So she does use me.
Phi. Why this is wondrous well:
But what kind Language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my Youth
With all her loving Secrets; and does call me
Her pretty Servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my Services

Rewarded;

Rewarded; and ſuch words of that ſoft ſtrain;
That I am nearer weeping when ſhe ends,
Than e're ſhe ſpake.
Phi. This is much better ſtill.
Bel. Are you not ill, my Lord?
Phi. Ill? No *Bellario.*
Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue ſo evenly;
Nor is there in your looks that quietneſs
That I was wont to ſee.
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, Boy:
And ſhe ſtrokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And ſhe does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my Lord.
Phi. And ſhe does kiſs thee, Boy? ha?
Bel. How, my Lord?
Phi. She kiſſes thee?
Bel. Never, my Lord, by Heav'n.
Phi. That's ſtrange: I know ſhe does.
Bel. No, by my life.
Phi. Why then ſhe does not love me; come, ſhe does;
I bad her do it: I charg'd her by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We ſhould enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her Bed: I took her oath
Thou ſhould'ſt enjoy her: Tell me, gentle Boy,
Is ſhe not paralleſs? is not her breath
Sweet as *Arabian* winds? Are not her Breaſts,
Two Sunny Banks of Paradiſe, Pillows
For Revelling Love to melt a Soul in Extaſies:
Is ſhe not all a laſting Mine of Joy?
Bel. I, now I ſee, why my diſturbed thoughts
Were ſo perplext. When firſt I went to her
My heart held augury; you are abus'd,
Some Villain has abus'd you: now I ſee
To what you tend: fall Rocks upon his head,
That put this to you: 'tis ſome ſubtle train,
To bring that noble Frame of yours to naught.
Phi. Thou think'ſt I will be angry with thee: Come
Thou ſhalt know all my drift; I hate her more,
Than I love happineſs; and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds:
Haſt thou diſcovered; is ſhe faln to luſt,
As I would wiſh her? ſpeak ſome comfort to me.
Bel. My Lord, you did miſtake the Boy you ſent.
Had ſhe the luſt of Sparrows, or of Goats;

Had

Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of Lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know,
As Servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh! my heart?
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain,
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the Gods,
As chaste as Ice: but were she foul as Hell,
And I did know it thus: the breath of Kings,
The points of Swords, Tortures, nor Bulls of Brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then 'tis no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy life, for I do hate thee:
I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The Gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling:
Tell me when, and where, thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bel. By Heaven I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd;
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think,
I'le love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow: and kiss those limbs,
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can Boys contemn that?

Bel. Oh, what Boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without Reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my Lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousie:
A thing we all pursue: I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game,
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false Boy,
For perjur'd Souls: think but on those, and then

Thy Heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those Punishments
You speak of: kill me.

Phi. Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The Gods would not endure him. Rise, *Bellario*,
Thy Protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee farther; but thou wert
Too blame to injure me: It troubles me
That I have call'd the Blood out of thy Cheeks,
That did so well become thee: But, good Boy,
Let me not see thee more; something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee: If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will flie as far
As there is Morning, e're I give distaste
To that most honoured Mind. But through these Tears
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of Treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewel for evermore:
If you shall hear that [illegible] struck me dead,
And after find me [illegible] there be
A Tear shed from [illegible] memory,
And I shall rest at [illegible] [*Exit Bel.*

Phi. Blessings be with thee,
What ever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this Body? Nature too unkind,
That made no Medicine for a troubled Mind. [*Exit Phi.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my Boy comes not back again;
But that I know my Love will question him,
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remember'd him, when his dear Name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such: I should be angry
At his stay.

Enter King.

K. What, at your Meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self, I need no Guard:
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

K. Tell me, have you not a Boy?

Are.

Are. Yes, Sir.
K. What kind of Boy?
Are. A Page, a waiting Boy.
K. A handſom Boy?
Are. I think he is not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him,
I took him not for Beauty.
K. He ſpeaks and ſings, and plays?
Are. Yes, Sir.
K. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
K. Is he full of ſervice?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
K. Put him away.
Are. Sir.
K. Put him away, h'as done you that good ſervice
Shames me to ſpeak of.
Are. Good Sir, let me underſtand you.
K. If you fear me,
Shew it me in duty; put away that Boy.
Are. Let me have reaſon for it, Sir, and then
Your will is my command.
K. Do not you bluſh to ask it: Caſt him off,
Or I ſhall do the ſame to you.
Are. What have I done, my Lord?
K. 'Tis a new Language, that all love to learn:
The common People ſpeak it well already,
They need no Grammar; underſtand me well,
There be foul wiſpers ſtirring: caſt him off,
And ſuddenly; do it: Farewel. [*Exit King.*
Are. Where may a Maiden live ſecurely free,
Keeping her Honour fair? Not with the living,
They feed upon Opinions, Errors, Dreams,
And make 'em Truths: they draw a Nouriſhment
Out of defamings, grow upon diſgraces,
And when they ſee a Virtue fortified
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues:
Oh, how they caſt to ſink it: and defeated
(Soul-ſick with poiſon) ſtrike the Monuments
Where noble Names lie ſleeping; till they ſweat,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. Peace to your faireſt thoughts, my deareſt Miſtreſs.
Are. Oh, my dear Servant, I have a war within me.
Phi. He muſt be more than man, that makes thoſe Cryſtals
Run into Rivers: ſweeteſt fair, the cauſe?
And as I am your ſlave, tied to your goodneſs,
I'le right your Honour.

¶ *Are.*

Are. Oh, my best Love, that Boy!
Phi. What Boy?
Are. The pretty Boy you gave me:
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous, who?
Are. The King.
Phi. Oh my Fortune,
Then 'tis no idle jealousie. Let him go.
Are. Oh cruel Fate! Are you hard-hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how I love you? Who
Shall Swear it to you, and weep the Tears I send?
Who shall now bring you Letters, Rings and Bracelets?
Lose his sweet Health in his dear Master's Service;
Wake tedious Nights in Stories of your Praise?
Who shall take up his Lute, and touch it, till
He crown a silent Sleep upon my Eye-lids,
Making me dream, and cry, Oh my dear,
Dear *Philaster*.
Phi. Oh my Heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This Lady was not Loyal. Mistress, forget
The Boy, I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh never, never such a Boy again,
As my *Bellario*.
Bel. 'Tis but your fond Affection.
Are. With thee, my Boy, farewel for ever,
All Secresie in Servants: farewel Faith,
And all desire to do well for it self.
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy Wrongs,
Sell and betray chast Love.
Phi. And all this Passion for a Boy?
Are. He was your Boy, and, Sir, you put him to me,
And the loss of such a one, must have a mourning for.
Phi. O thou forgetful Woman!
Are. How, my Lord?
Phi. False *Arethusa!*
Hast thou a Medicine to restore my Wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus——
Are. Do what, Sir?
Phi. Oh, you Gods!
Give me a worthy Patience: Have I stood
Naked, alone, the Shock of many Fortunes?
Have I seen Mischiefs numberless, and mighty,

Grow

Grow like a Sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as ſtern as Death into my Boſom,
And laught upon it, made it but a Mirth,
And flung it by? And muſt I ſink at length
Under a Woman's falſhood? Oh that Boy,
That curſed Boy! none but a Villain Boy,
To meet your ſhame.

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the Plot caſt for my overthrow:
Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take your *Cicily* and *Calabria*,
And give 'em to your Joy, your darling Joy;
For I have no Joy left. Some diſtant Place,
Where never Womankind durſt ſet her Foot,
For burſting with her Poyſons, muſt I ſeek,
And live to curſe you: The Power of Gods
There dig a Cave, and preach to Birds and Beaſts,
What Woman is, and help to ſave them from you.
How Heaven is in your Eyes, but in your Hearts
More Hell than Hell has: How your Tongues like Scorpions,
Both heal and poyſon: How that fooliſh Man,
That reads the Story of a Woman's Face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever.
How all the Good you have, is but a Shadow,
I'th' Morning with you, and at Night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meer Confuſion, and ſo dead a Chaos,
That Love cannot diſtinguiſh. Theſe ſad Texts
Till my laſt Hour, I am bound to utter of you:
So farewel all my Woe, all my Delight. *Exit Phi.*

Are. Be merciful, ye Gods, and ſtrike me dead:
What way have I deſerv'd this? make my Breaſt
Tranſparent as pure Cryſtal, that the World,
Jealous of me, may ſee the fouleſt Thought
My Heart holds. Where ſhall a Woman turn her Eyes,

Enter Bellario.

To find out conſtancy? Save me! how black
And guiltily (methinks) that Boy looks now?
Oh thou Diſſembler, that, before thou ſpak'ſt,
Wert in thy Cradle falſe! ſent to make Lies,
And betray Innocents: Thy Lord and thou
May Glory in the Aſhes of a Maid,
Fool'd by her Paſſion: But the Conqueſt is
Nothing ſo great as wicked. Fly, away,
Let my Command force thee to that, which Shame

Would

Would do without it. If thou understoodst
The most loath'd Office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of Hills,
Lest Men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh! what God
Angry with Men, has sent this strange Disease
Into the noblest Minds? Madam, this Grief
You add to me,'s no more than Drops to Seas,
For which, alas! they are not seen to swell.
My Lord has struck his Anger through my Heart,
And let out all the hope of future Joys.
You need not bid me flie, I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewel for ever.
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a Lady, like a Boy that stole,
Or made some grievous Fault. The Power of Gods
Assist you in your Sufferings: hasty time
Reveal the Truth to your abas'd dear Lord,
And mine: That he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten Place to die.

[*Ex. Bel.*

Are. Peace guide thee: Thou hast overthrown me once,
Yet, if I had another *Troy* to lose,
Thou, or another Traytor with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My Hair dishevel'd, through the fiery Streets.

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you.

Are. I am in tune to hunt:
Diana, if thou canst rage with a Maid,
As with a Man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to some fearful Hind,
That I may dye pursued by cruel Hounds,
And have my Story written in my Wounds.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethuſa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Clere-mont, Traſilin *and Attendants.*

King. WHat, are the Hounds before, and all the Woodmen?
Dion. All, Sir.

King. You're cloudy, Sir; Come, we have forgotten your venial Treſpaſs; let not that ſit heavy [to *Phar.*] upon your Spirit: None dare utter it.

Dion. He looks like an old ſurfeited Stallion after his leaping: Dull as a Dormouſe: See how he ſinks, the Wench has ſhot him betwixt wind and water; and, I hope, ſprung a Leak.

Traſ. Oh, he's a precious Lime-hound: Turn him looſe upon the purſuit of a Lady, and if he loſe her, hang him up i'th' Slip. When my Fox-bitch, *Beauty*, grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your Boy turn'd away?

Areth. You did command, Sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done; hark you farther.

Cler. Is't poſſible that fellow ſhould repent! Methinks that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified Member. If a worſe Man had done his Fault now, ſome Phyſical Juſtice or other wou'd preſently, without the help of an Almanack, have open'd the Obſtructions of his Liver, and let him blood with a Dog-whip.

Dion. See, ſee, how modeſtly yond Lady looks! as if ſhe came from Churching with her Neighbour; why, what a Devil can a Man ſee in her face, but that ſhe's honeſt?

Traſ. Troth, no great matter to ſpeak of, but a fooliſh twinkling of the Eye that ſpoils her Coat; but he muſt be a cunning Herauld that finds it.

Dion. See how they muſter one another! Oh there's a rank Regiment, where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-Major. Now the World and the Fleſh come behind with the Carriage.

King. To Horſe, to Horſe, we loſe the Morning, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Two Wood-men.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the Deer!
2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the Bow.
1 *Wood.* Who ſhoots!
2 *Wood.* The Princeſs.
1 *Wood.* No, ſhe'll hunt.
2 *Wood.* She'll take a ſtand, I ſay.
1 *Wood.* Who elſe!

2 *VVood.* Why, the young Stranger Prince.

1 *VVood.* He, out on him! I never loved his beyon'd-Sea-ſhip, ſince he forſook the Stag once to ſtrike a Raſcal milking in a Meadow; and her he kill'd i'th' Eye. Who ſhoots elſe?

2 *VVood.* The Lady *Galatea.*

1 *VVood.* That's a good Wench, and ſhe wou'd not chide us for tumbling of her Women in the Brakes; ſhe's Liberal, and by my Bow, they ſay ſhe's honeſt; and whether that be a fault I have nothing to do. There's all.

2. *VVood.* No, one more, *Megra.*

1. *VVood.* That's a firker 'Iſaith Boy, There's a Wench will ride her Haunches as hard after a Kennel of Hounds as a Hunting Saddle; and when ſhe comes home get 'em Clap't, and all's well again. I have known her loſe her ſelf three times in one Afternoon (if the Woods have been anſwerable), and it has been work enough for a Man to find her, and he has ſweat for't. She rides well, and ſhe pays well. Hark, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes, Enter Philaſter.

Phila. Oh that I had been nouriſh'd in theſe Woods
With Milk of Goats, and Acorns, and not known
The Right of Crowns, nor the diſſembling Trains
Of Womens looks; but dig'd my ſelf a Cave
Where I, my Fire, my Cattle, and my Bed,
Might have been ſhut together in one Shed.
And then had taken me ſome Mountain Girl,
Beaten with Winds, chaſt as the harden'd Rocks
Whereon ſhe dwells; that might have ſtrow'd my Bed
With Leaves and Reeds, and with the Skins of Beaſts,
Our Neighbours; and have born at her big Breaſts,
My large courſe Iſſue. This had been a Life
Free from Vexation. [*ſits down.*]

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked Men!
An Innocent may walk ſafe among Beaſts.
Nothing aſſaults me here——See my griev'd Lord
Sits as his Soul were ſearching out a way
To leave his Body. Pardon me that muſt
Break thy laſt commandment: For I muſt ſpeak.
You that are griev'd can pity. Hear my Lord——

Phila. Is there a Creature yet ſo miſerable
That I can pity!

Bell. Oh my Noble Lord!
View my ſtrange Fortune, and beſtow on me
According to your bounty, and (if my Service
Can merit nothing) ſo much as may ſerve

To keep that little piece I hold of Life
From Cold and Hunger.

Phila. Is it Thou! Begone.
Go ſell thoſe miſbecoming Cloaths thou wear'ſt
And feed thy ſelf with them.

Bell. Alas! my Lord, I can get nothing for 'em;
The ſilly Country People think it Treaſon
To touch ſuch gay Things.

Phil. Now, by my Life, this is unkindly done,
To vex me with thy ſight, Thou'rt fal'n again
To thy diſſembling Trade; even ſo thou ſpok'ſt and look'ſt
When firſt I took thee up: Curſe on the Day!
If thy commanded Tears can work belief
On any other Credulous heart like mine,
Make uſe of thy falſe Arts, I'll not betray thee:
Now, which way wilt thou take, that I may ſhun thee,
For thou art Poyſon to my Eyes, and I
Am loath to grow in Rage: This way or that way.

Bell. Any will ſerve; but I will choſe to have
That Path in chaſe that leads me to my Grave. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

Scene changes, Enter Dion, *and the* Woodmen.

Dion. This is the ſtrangeſt ſuddain Chance! You *VVoodmen.*

1. *VVood.* My Lord *Dion!*

Dion Saw you a Lady come this way, on a Sable Horſe ſtudded with Stars of white?

2. *VVood.* Was ſhe not Young and Tall?

Dion. Yes, Rid ſhe to the Wood, or to the Plain?

1. *VVood.* Faith my Lord, we ſaw none. [*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Enter Cleremond.

Dion. Pox o' your Queſtion then: What is ſhe found?

Clere. Nor will be I think.

Dion. Let him ſeek her himſelf; ſhe cannot ſtray about ſome neceſſary buſineſs, but the whole Court muſt be in Arms: When ſhe has done we ſhall have Peace.

Clere. There's already a Thouſand Fatherleſs Tales amongſt us. Some ſay her Horſe run away with her, ſome, a Wolf purſued her; others, It was a Plot to Kill her, and that Arm'd-men were ſeen in the Wood: But queſtionleſs ſhe rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Trasilin.

King. Where is she?
Clere. Sir, I cannot tell.
King. How's that! Answer me that again.
Clere. Sir, shall I Lye?
King. Yes, Lye and Damn rather than tell me that.
I say again, Where is she? Mutter not:
Sir, speak you where she is?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and by Heav'n
It is thy last. Answer me,
Where is she. Mark me all; I am your King,
I wish to see my Daughter: Shew her me,
I do Command you all, as you are Subjects,
To shew her me. What, am I not your King!
If ay, Then am I not to be Obey'd?
Dion. Yes, if you Command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, then,
Thou Traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to
Things possible and honest, shew her me,
Or let me perish, if I cover not
All *Sicily* in Blood.
Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where.
King. You have betray'd me, you have let me lose
The Jewel of my Life. Go, bring her me,
And set her here before me. 'Tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the Winds,
Uncloud the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,
And stop the Floods of Heav'n; speak, Can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No, can't the breath of Kings do this!
Dion. No, nor smell sweet it self, if once the Lungs
Be but Corrupted.
King. Is it so! take heed.
Dion. Sir, take you heed how 'tis you dare the Powers
That must be just.
King. Alas, what are we Kings?
Why do, you Gods, place us above the rest
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our Hands your Thunder;
And when we come to try the Power we have,
There's not a Leaf shakes at our threatnings;
I have sin'd, 'it's true, yet wou'd not thus be punisht.
Dion. He Articles with the Gods, wou'd some body wou'd draw
Bonds for the performance of Covenants between them.

Enter

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, *and* Megra.

King. What, is she found!
Phar. No, we have ta'ne her Horse:
He Gallopt empty by: You *Galatea*
Rod with her into the Wood, Why left you her?
Gal. She did Command me.
King. Command you! ——
Gal. 'Twou'd ill become my Fortunes and my Birth,
To disobey the Daughter of my King.
King. You are all cunning to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her.
Phar. If I have her not,
By this Hand there shall be no more *Sicily*.
Dion. What, will he carry it to *Spain* in his Pocket?
King. I see the Injuries I have done must be reveng'd.
Dion. Sir, This is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all, disperse your selves. The Man that finds her or (if she's kill'd) the Traytor, I'll make him Great.
Phar. Come let us seek.
King. Each Man a several way,
Here I my self.
Dion. Come, Gentlemen, we here. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Arethusa.

Areth. Where am I now! Feet, find me out a way
Without the Counsel of my troubled Head;
I'll follow you around these wander'd Woods
O'er Mountains, thoro' Brambles, Pits, and Floods.
A heavyness near Death sits on my Brow,
And I must sleep. Kind Heav'n, I hope my Hour [*Lyes down.*
Of peace draws on, a dulness shuts my Eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh that I cou'd take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Yonders my Lady. Heav'n knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live. Yet I
Will try her Charity —— oh hear,
You that have plenty, from that flowing store ——
But see —— the lively Red is gone to guard her Heart,
I fear she faints —— Madam, look up —— She breaths not.

Open

Open once more thoſe Roſy twins, and ſend
My Lord your laſt farewell——But ſee, ſhe ſtirs:
How is it, Madam——ſpeak comfort [*Kneeling to help her.*
Areth. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miſerable Life,
And hold me there. I prethee let me go;
I ſhall do beſt without thee.

Enter Philaſter.

Phil. I was to blame to be ſo much in rage,
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing Truth. I will be temperate
In ſpeaking, and as juſt in hearing. Ha!
Scorpions, and Baſilisks!
Bell. My Lord, help, help, the Princeſs.
Areth. I am well.
Forbear, and leave me.
Phil. Some good God look down
And ſhrink my Veins up——what before my Face!
Poyſon of Aſps between your Lips; Diſeaſes
Be your beſt Iſſues. Nature make a Curſe
And throw it on you.
Areth. Dear *Philaſter*, leave
To be inrag'd, and hear me.
Phil. I have done.
Not the calm'd Sea, when *Æolus* locks up
His windy Brood, is leſs diſturbed than I.
Nay, *Arethuſa*, I'll be calmer ſtill.
Yes, when my wrongs have laid me in my Grave.
Say, am I raging now?
If I were Mad I ſhould deſire to live;
No, feel my Pulſe, and try if you have known
A Man in a more equal Tune to die.
Bell. Alas, my Lord. Your Pulſe beats Mad-man's time,
So does your Tongue.
Phil. I blame not thee, *Bellario*,
Thou'haſt done but that,
Which Gods would have transform'd themſelves to do——
But haſte, thou young perdition, take thy Face
For ever from my ſight. Fly from my Rage
Far as the wander'd World can bear thy ſhame,
Or yond fair Lamp of bluſhing Heav'n can light thee,
For we are two Earth cannot hold at once.
Bell. For ever from your ſight; For ever? That
Dire Voice of Fate!——But if I muſt be gone,
Permit, my too dear Lord, theſe bending knees

To

To leave one parting dying Prayer behind me.
Kind Heav'ns, if in your everlasting Treasury
You have a Hoard of some uncommon Blessings,
Show'r 'em on that dear Brow, and (Oh) uncloud
His shaded Peace, and his benighted Reason,
Till the fair Truth of that all beauteous Innocence
Shine round his Soul with thousand thousand Charms.
Yes, thou too happy Prince, didst thou but know
The Price of that fair Gem, the Wealth thou'rt Lord of,
How would thy twining Arms grasp her dear knees,
And thy fond Lips kiss the blest Earth she treads on!
For by my wrongs below, and hopes above,
Earth does not hold a Chaster. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Areth. Thou faithful Herauld of my Fame, farewell.
But, dear *Philaster*, if thy listning Patience
Has lent a gentle Ear to the poor Boy:
Am I forbid to speak. No, my dear Lord,
With these wet Eyes, and these uplifted Hands;
With the same Vows, and the same Heav'n my witness,
Permit me to repeat the same true Oracle;
Earth does not hold a Chaster.

Phil. Feeble Flatterer,
Why these poor Arts? How vainly dost thou labour
To wash thy *Ethiop* shame. Run from a Court,
A Father, and a Crown (thou vile dishonour)
To Woods and Shades to meet your darling Boy!
Yet Earth not holds a Chaster!

Areth. Meet the Boy!
An Accident, meer chance.

Phil. Chance!

Areth. Chance, blind Chance;
By what directing Curse he found me here
My persecuting Stars canonly tell.
'Tis true, I left a Court, a Crown, and Kingdom,
All worthless Trifles when I lost thy Heart;
My sighs and tears for thee led me, this Wanderer;
And am I thus rewarded!

Phil. Fye, no more.
They who dare act a Sin so black as thine,
Can talk as fair as thou: The Soul of Treason
Ne'er wants the Face of Innocence.

Areth. Treason?
Good Gods, is truth so hard to be believ'd!

Phil. Truth!

Areth. By yond Azure Roof, and all the blest
Inhabitants above,
My Soul's all spotless truth.

Phil. Oh *Arethusa*,
'Tis easie to call Heav'n; they talk it loudest,
Who think it least——Yes, thou too fair Deluſion,
The *Syren* Sings not Death, though ſhe acts Death;
And even the blackeſt Cloven-footed Fiend
Retains his Voice of Angels. No, ſmooth falſhood,
Can aery breath, and empty ſounds reſtore
The Peace that I have loſt!
Areth. Then, my poor Heart,
Thou haſt nothing now to do but break and die.
Phil. No, Madam, That's my part; the ſhaft of Death
Is only levell'd here. And if to all
My Maſs of wrongs thou haſt one Grain of pity,
Here, *Arethuſa*, take this glittering Mercy, [*Preſenting his Sword to her*
And guide it to my Heart.
Areth. Kill thee!
Phil. Yes, Kill me.
It will be wondrous kind; and when I ſet
My reſting Foot beneath yond Roof of Glory,
For that dear generous Blow, an act ſo kind,
I'll Tune thee my firſt Song in Choires of Angels.
Areth. But, oh *Philaſter!* Doſt thou know what Death is?
Phil. A Minutes pain to cure an Age of woe.
Areth. Is Death the only cure! No healing Balm
For thy ſick mind, but the cold ſleep of Death!
Phil. Oh Never, never! No, thou fair deſtroyer,
Beyond the Grave there's Peace; on this ſide none.
Areth. But will there be no Slanders;
No Jealouſies in th'other World; no ill there?
Phil. None!
Areth. Then thus to that bleſt World I'll lead the way. [*Falls on his Sword.*
Phil. Horror and Furies.
What has thy raſh Hand done?
Areth. Sought Peace and found it.
The unkind World, and thy unkinder Jealouſie
Had barr'd all Joys on Earth, and therefore what
Life has not, I have woo'd kind Death to give me.
But Oh, my unkind, unbelieving Lord,
Shall I be Innocent now!
Phil. Innocent,
Thou faireſt whiteneſs, deareſt Angel Martyr,
More Heav'n than all Heav'n holds.
Areth. Then I am happy——
But does my kind Lord weep! Now you're too good.
Oh my *Philaſter*, one rich Pearl from thoſe
Dear Eyes o'er-pays the worthleſs Life that buys it!
My Veins are all too poor for ſuch a Purchaſe.

Phil.

Phil. But Oh this crimſon Stream! Dear all Divine,
Cou'd nothing but thy Death convert an Infidel!
Areth. Call it not Death when it brings back thy Heart.
For Oh what vaſter Charms 'tis to dye lov'd
Then to live hated!——But I care no more.
Cheriſh my Memory when I am Duſt
And I ſhall ſleep all Bleſt. [*Faints away as if ſhe dyed.*
Phil. And I wake damn'd.
She's gone, She's gone. Yes, thou *Barbarian* Brute,
The faireſt Truth that monſter Man e're wrong'd,
Has mounted Heav'n to leave eternal Hells,
The juſt Reward of an ungrateful Infidel.——
Thou dear Remains
Of the moſt faithful Love, if from theſe cold
Cold Lips, ſuch Guilt as mine dare ſteal a kiſs,
'Tis my laſt Crime, and I ſhall Sin no more. [*Kneels to kiſs her.*

Enter Bellario.

Bell. 'Twas too unkind, thou pityleſs *Bellario*,
To leave thy poor Lords Heart thus wrackt thus, tortur'd;
And all for a raſh Vow.
No, I'll return, and fall at his dear Feet,
Own my true Sex, and cure his wounded Peace.
Phil. Sweets, Divine Sweets: But if in Death ſo fragrant,
Oh what eternal Roſes had thoſe dear
Lips bloom'd, had the fair Tree but lived to bear 'em——
But does her Murtherer live! This fatal point,
All reeking with the Blood of Sacred Innocence,
Dares Guilt and Treaſon live! No, thou crown'd Saint,
Look down and ſee this juſt purſuing Vengeance. [*Goes to fall on his Sword,*
Bellario *beats it away.*
Bell. Heav'n guard my Noble Lord——
——Good Gods, my Royal Miſtriſs Murder'd!
Phil. Murder'd *Bellario*, by this curſt hand Murder'd.
Bell. Oh what has your tranſported frenzy done!
The faireſt Virtue and the tendereſt Love
That e'er bleſt Man, how has thy Rage rewarded!
Phil. Yes how indeed, *Bellario!*
Bell. Cruel Prince,
When ſhall I ſound in thy alarmed Ears
The ſtory of her Wrongs, which this curſt Tongue
Now comes to ſpeak too late.——
Phil. No more; no more,
Call not my torturing Shame to my remembrance.
For I have been falſe to a pair of the moſt truſty ones

That ever the Earth bore. For which my Soul
Must sink as low in Hell, as that fair Saint
Sits high in Heav'n———
But give me back that Instrument of Death,
That I may rip this bloody Tygers heart out,
A sacrifice to that dear Martyr'd Innocence.

Enter Thrasilin, Cleremont, *and* Woodmen.

Trasil. What do we see!

Phil. A sight would blast a Cannibal. Oh Gentlemen,
If you have hearts that can weep Blood, now look down
And melt 'em there.

Cleremon. Good Gods, the Princess Murder'd!

Phil. My Arm prevented! Yes the Gods are just.
By my own hand like an old *Roman* Fall
Had been a Fate to Glorious — No *Arethusa*, now
I'll do thee nobler Justice: Jayls and Dungeons;
A Headsman and an Ax, Scaffolds and Pinnacles,
Recorded shame, and ever branding Infamy.——
Come, Sirs, make short your weeping Ceremonies,
For you have more important Work to do:
Take up that load of Honour, and perform
This cruel Duty to your King. Bear that
Too killing Object to a mourning Father
And with her this vile Brand of black Damnation.
Then for her last just Rites, the opening Veins
Of her curst Murderer, erect a Scaffold
High as the Clouds, and sound a Trump so loud,
If possible, the Summon'd World may call
Invite 'em to a Feast, and Gorge 'em all.

Exeunt Philaster *and Attendants carrying off the Princess.*

Bell. (*Sola*) Why was I born for the accursed Cause
Of all this heap of Ruins. Poor *Philaster*,
Thine's but the Hand, and Sword, 'tis am the Murderer:
For, Oh, with one kind word, one gentle Breath,
How had I stopt this hideous Scene of Death;
But 'tis too late, the golden Minute's fled.
Undone *Philaster*, thy too dear lov'd Head,
How have I wrapt in everlasting Woe!
But is the bitter Draught all thine! Oh, no,
The Druggs, the Gall, and Poyson, fill'd by me,
I mixt it, and must drink more deep than thee.

Phil. No more; no more,

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

ACT V.

Enter Dion, Trasilin, Cleremont.

Thra. THe Princess dead! And by *Philaster*'s hand!
Nay, and what's worse, to yield himself a Prisoner!
To run into the Jaws of yawning Death,
His offer'd Throat so tame a Sacrifice!

Cler. Ay Gentlemen, given up into the Hands
Of the enraged King, whose threatning Arm of Vengeance
Hangs o'er his Head like a prodigious Meteor.
And now too late; what Power, what help can save him!
Alas, what hopes!

Thra. Hopes! Truly none at all.
Nay, were there hopes, has not himself destroy'd them?
Is there that Sword wou'd strike for his deliverance
That himself has not chain'd the hand should draw it?
Has not his own accusing Tongue so blacken'd him,
Painted her Murder with a face so monstrous,
As lulls his sleeping Friends into a Lethargy,
Till scarce their Pity wakes to mourn him lost?
A Womans Death! A Deed of that dishonour?

Dion. Dishonour!——Hold my Masters, you're a little
Too hot, and run too fast——He has kill'd a Woman.
True; and the story sounds at the first hearing
A Deed below a Man, much more a Prince.
Well, but what Woman has he kill'd? How kill'd her!
Ay, there's the Point, my Friends; No doubt, he took her,
Seiz'd the fair Brute with all her bestial shame,
In the foul Deed with her lascivious Boy;
And with the falling weight of Sacred Justice,
Roll'd like a Bolt of Royal Thunder down,
And crush'd th' engendring Basilisk.

Thra. Fy, my Lord,
How can you load her Name with so much Infamy,
When his own free Confession has proclaim'd her
All Innocence, all Saint?

Dion. All Rage, all Frenzy.
The common Lunacy of doating Fools;

Honour and Vengeance ſtruck the noble blow,
And whining Love denies it. To be ſhort,
He wrongs himſelf and Us, and all Mankind,
And 'tis high time to undeceive the World.
Now, Gentlemen, if I've ſpoke Reaſon.—

Cler. Reaſon!
By this fair Light you breath the voice of Oracles,
Which every honeſt heart muſt hear and reverence.

Dion. Say, are we Men then!

Thra. All that Hands and Hearts
Reſolv'd, can be, we are. *Philaſter*'s ſafety
Is that great Cauſe will Arm the Gods to joyn us.

Dion. Enough my Friends, come to my Arms. [*Embracing.*
No, King———
The Head you aim at coſt more ſetting on,
Than to be loſt ſo ſlightly. If it muſt off,
Like a wild overflow that ſhakes down Bridges,
Cracks the ſtrong Hearts of Pines, whoſe Cable Roots,
Held out a thouſand Storms, a thouſand Thunders;
And ſo made mightier, takes whole Towers, Towns, Palaces,
And lays 'em deſolate; ſo ſhall thy Head
Thy noble Head, bury the Lives of Thouſands
That ſhall bleed with thee in thy purple Ruines.

Thra. Lead on, thou Champion Genius of our Swords.

Dion. But we loſe time, the lucky Minute calls.
You, *Thraſelin*, haſte inſtantly to th' Forum,
Where you will find a Band of honeſt Citizens,
That only wait the kind inviting Trumpet
To call 'em forth to Glory: Souls ſo brave
Will make Day ſmile, to ſee 'em ſhine in Arms.
You *Cleremont*, haſte to the Royal Cittadel.
You'll find the Bolts of Steel, and Gates of Braſs
Will all fly open at *Philaſter*'s Name.
For me, my Poſt ſhall be t'attend his Perſon,
And watch the Motions of his hungry Hunters.
Now all retire; a Royal Head to ſave,
Puſh your fair Cauſe, and Fortune Crown the Brave. [*Exeunt* Thraſelin, *and* Cleremont.

Enter King, *and* Attendants.

King. Hold, hold, my burſting Heart, and drowning Eyes.
Oh *Arethuſa*, *Arethuſa!* Lend me,
Some pitying God, a Tongue to vent my Groans.
This more then execrable Deed! *Philaſter*,
Could'ſt thou do this. Could the rich Veins of Kings,

Thou

Thou born of Royal Race——A Prince——A Butcher;
A Ruffian, and a Hangman. Crime like this
A Cannibal would blush at. Wolves and Blood-hounds
Would turn their aking Noſtrils from this ſight,
And howl o'er wounds ſo barbarous. Tell me, Friends,
For you have ſeen the killing Object; ſeen
That once dear Garden of fair blooming Sweets
All rooted by the Tuaks of this wild Boar;
And ſay, my honeſt loyal Hearts, in all
The blackeſt Legends of recorded Murder
Is there that Chronicle can match this Monſter?

Dion. Yes, there are Chronicles can match this Monſter,
If he be one.——

King. Ha! If he be one,——

Dion. Yes, Sir,
If he be one.——

King. That if——But, Sir, go on.

Dion. Then, Sir, to give plain dealing Truth fair play,
You've loſt a Daughter, a King's Daughter: True,
And by a blow perhaps not altogether
So Manly, as befits the weight of that
Great Arm when lifted up to fall with Fate.
Yet let me tell you! Sir——

King, Hold Profane Inſolent;
Gods, can there be that Impudence ſo Steel'd!
Pleaders and Advocates for Guilt ſo horrid!
But that my Arm's reſerv'd for Nobler Vengeance,
Thy Head, thou reverend Rebel——But to Anſwer thee
I'll call the judging World. Nay, let thy own
Accuſing Conſcience ſpeak: Is there that Monument
(Though big and high as *Pelion*) can be able
To cover this baſe Murder! Make it rich
With Braſs, with pureſt Gold, and ſhining Jaſper:
Like the *Pyramides*, lay on Epitaphs,
Such as make Great Men Gods; 'tis all too weak,
Too ſhallow Rhetorick——But I am too tame:
Lead forth that Monſter to his ſpeedy doom.

Dion. So ſpeedy! no, too haſty King you'll find it not that o'er eaſie Work.

Enter Philaſter *Guarded.*

Phil. Sir, you are pleas'd
To call me forth to Juſtice. And behold
Your Summons are obey'd.

King, Oh my weak Eye-balls.
How can I look upon that Face of Horror!

Phil.

Phil. Yes, how indeed!

King. Thou Mercileſs, Inhumane——
But why do I ſeek words for guilt beyond
A Name, too deep for ſhallow ſounds to reach?
Say then, thou all unutterable Cruelty,
What haſt thou done!

Phil. Say firſt, Thou bold Examiner,
How darſt thou ask that Queſtion?

King. Dare!

Phil. Dare ask it!
For know, thou bold Demander, thou requireſt me
To make thee the Relation of a Deed
Which art thou ſure thou'rt Man enough to hear me?

King. Thou Counſel'ſt well. Indeed, I ought to muſter
All the moſt fortified Reſolves about me,
The ſummon'd ſtrength of my whole guarded Heart
To hear this diſmal Tale.

Phil. Then hear and Tremble.
Oh King, thou hadſt a Beauteous Daughter! Beauteous!
Each common Flower, and every Garden Roſe
May boaſt that name——Beauty!——
A piece ſo lovely, that the whole Creating
Divinity that form'd it, when it mingled
Her dazling Compounds, dropt it ſelf into
The Mould, and mixt the God to finiſh it.

Dion. All Raptures!

Phil. Then for her Vertue, King, her Beauteous Mind,
Her rich fair Soul? Ay, that all in-land Paradiſe.
O Virtue, Virtue, thy Celeſtial Charms!
She was that all Original Perfection,
A Wonder ſure ſet up by Priding Heav'n
For Homaging Worlds to kneel to——yet that wonder,
That radiant Temple of Angelick Truth,
Has this Rebellious Infidel deſtroy'd.
But, haſte, dull King, thy drowſie Thunder ſleeps:
The loud Tongu'd Cries of thoſe affrighting wounds,
Demand that ſwifteſt executing Arm——
Her puniſht Murderer, King——

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Yes, Royal Sir,
Her punisht Murderer.
Phil. Ay Boy, if he can punish him; if all
The Impotent weak Rods of feeble Vengeance,
Earth has it to invent, or Hell to give it him.
Bell. Yes, Sir, if all the weight of angry Kings,
Axes or Gibbets, all the swift Revenge
For your dear Daughters Blood can expiate
Those ever gaping wounds: Arm, Arm, your Bolts,
For this detested Head, the vile *Bellario*.
Phil. *Bellario!* Sayst thou?
Bell. Most wrong'd Prince, *Bellario*,
Thy lovely Princess Murderer; this young Blood-hound,
With all his Mass of Guilt stands here before you.
King. Good Gods! *Bellario*.
Phil. What means this all amazing Wonder? Gods!
Is there a Goodness in the World so Prodigal
Oh King! I've liv'd too long: This generous Boy
Would take Death from me——
Bell. Ha! What says my Lord?
Phil. That dear all prodigy brings its sweet Innocence,
A bleating Lamb to save a bloated Tyger!
Bell. How, my dear Lord?
Phil. Oh do not talk, *Bellario*,
Quick, send me to my Death: Remember, King,
Your Daughter's Murderer.
Bell. My noble Lord,
Oh whither does your headlong transport run?
Thou, thou her Murderer!
Phil. No more! no more!
I shall be shot from Heaven, as now from Earth;
If thou continuest this stupendous kindness.
Bell. Did you e're hear the like? Oh my amazement!
Gods how he talks! What Dreams, what Shapes and Fantoms?
My King, my Lords, speak all——Let Justice, Reason,
Nay common Sense be the fair judge between us.
The great *Philaster* so much Royal Honour
For him to Murder Women. That unprincely,
Nay that unmanly blow! Yes, and to kill
The only Darling Idol of his Soul!
Could he do this?

Dion.

Dion. Now Truth begins to ſpeak?
Bell. But for a wicked Boy, a Low-born-ſlave,
The vileſt rubbiſh outcaſt of the World,
His Soul as poor as the baſe Veins that hold it,
Caſhier'd and baniſht, and turn'd out to ſtarve——
For me to ſwell with Gall, and burſt with Poyſon,
And in the rage of my reſenting Fury,
To ſtrike a Dagger to my Mrs. Heart;
Me to act all this!——
Phil. Hold, hold, malitious Boy,
Dear lovely Thief; thou ſweeteſt, barbarous Innocence.
Gods! wilt thou rob me of the power to die?
This is too much *Bellario.*
Bell. Ay, now hear him,
Now he ſpeaks plain, he wants the power to die:
The gaping wounds of his dear Murder'd Princeſs,
Have ſtruck thoſe bolts of horror through his Soul;
Till wild Deſpair, and his diſtracted Love,
Leads forth with his wandring Senſe to Tombs and Charnels;
And Courts grim Death, and yawning Graves to follow her.
Phil. Yet hold, thou kind deluſion: Stop, Oh ſtop,
This ſwelling Torrent of confounding Goodneſs,
Or, I ſhall ſink and drown. And King, Oh King,
If Earth was ever honour'd with that Maſs
Of ſhining Virtues, that aſtoniſht Mortals
Might dazle but to View, behold 'em there;
In that dear Boy; to ſave his Maſter's Life,
He owns this hideous Murder.
Bell. Love, blind Love,
Deſpairing, raging Love.
Phil. No King,
All Truth, all Oracle.
Bell. All Love, Love, Love.
Phil. Oh thou too kind diſſembler: Yet Sir, hear me,
I tell thee King——
Bell. Yes, he does tell thee, King,
A Tale ſo monſtrous, that all wild diſtraction
But oh, Sir, let theſe bending knees conjure you;
If Heav'n be juſt, (and Kings are Heav'ns Vicegerents)
Do Juſtice, Sir——for by yond Starry Roof,
The Guilt that Murder'd your dear *Arethuſa,*
Was all *Bellario's.*
Dion. Now Sir, I hope
Your Ears and Eyes are open'd.
King. Yes, my Friends,
These Ears have heard too much——ſeize that Young Ruffian.

Dion.

Dion. Ay, now the righteous Voice of Juſtice ſpeaks.
King. And quick, to Death, to Death with the black ſlave.
Phil. Gods, I can hold no longer! Oh *Bellario*,
If thou muſt Dye, ſuch Truth, ſuch Honour dye;
Let theſe Embraces be thy Executioners!
Theſe twining Arms, and ſtiffling Kiſſes kill thee.
Oh thou dear! all Divine. Now Gentlemen,
If there be Cruelty enough amongſt you
To point a Javlin at this ſacred Breaſt,
Strike through both Hearts; for by yond fair Eternity
I'll not out live the hour ſuch Virtue bleeds.

Enter Meſſinger.

Meſſ. Hold, Royal Sir; inſtead of Tragick Scaffolds,
And Mourning Scenes of Death, prepare for Jubilees.
Your Beauteous Daughter Lives.
Phil. My Princeſs Lives!
Bell. Nay then, juſt Heav'n! ——
King. Oh thou ſweet Voice of Triumph,
Repeat that joyful ſound.
Meſſ. The Princeſs Lives.
King. Lives!
Meſſ. Though her loſs of Blood, her Wound and Griefs,
O'th' two the deeper blow, all join'd together,
Too rude ſhock for a weak Female Heart,
Had chain'd up Life; by the Induſtrious care
Of her Aſſiſting Slave's recovered and reſtored,
She ſafely breaths and Lives.

Enter Second Meſſinger.

2 *Meſſ.* Yes Sir, ſhe lives,
And to preſerve that Life ſhe holds, by all
The tyes of King and Father, She conjures you
To check all angry thoughts againſt the Innocence
Of her Dear Lov'd *Philaſter*; for 'twas only
By her own Hand ſhe Bled.
King. By her own Hand!
Phil. Since that fair Oracle Lives, and bluſhing Truth
At laſt will ſpeak, by her own Hand ſhe fell.
2 *Meſſ.* And Sir, ſo ſtrong her Love, ſo great's her fears
For her too dear *Philaſter's* threatning danger,
That on her bended Knees ſhe does beſeech you
To bring that guarded Life ſafe to her Arms.

King. Oh Love, What is thy Power! But quick, *Philaſter*,
Oh let us fly with all the Wings of Love,
To Embrace that Darling Fair!

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Arethuſa *ſeated on a Couch, who enters forward, led by her Women.*

Areth. My Lord, my Life.
Phil. Dear Angel gueſt, thou beauteous Reſurrection,
Let my bent Knees, and graſping Arms receive thee.
King. Oh *Arethuſa*, does thy happy Father
Once more Embrace thee! what a Scene of wonders
Has mighty Love this day perform'd! But oh
Too Faithful, and too Generous *Philaſter*,
Here take thy Honour, and thy Truth's reward,
And with her the Succeſſion to my Crown.
Areth. This charming voice of Life——
Phil. Oh my kind King,
How ſhall I ever pay thee for this bleſſing!
Not bending Knees, Altars, nor Hecatombs——
King. Oh Prince no more, I cannot hear this language:
For I have heap'd that world of grief upon thee;
Wrong'd both your Virtuous loves, that, oh my Children,
Learn to forgive me firſt, and then to thank me.

Enter Rabble, *and* Pharamond *Priſoner.*

All. Long live *Philaſter*, the brave Prince *Philaſter*.
Phil. I thank you Gentlemen: But why are theſe
Rude weapons brought abroad to teach your Hands
Uncivil Trades?
Capt. My Royal Roſiclear,
We are thy Myrmidons, thy Guard, thy Roarers,
And when thy Noble Perſon is in danger;
Thus do we clap our ruſty Murrions on,
And trace the ſtreets in Terror: Is it Peace,
Thou *Mars* of Men? Is the King ſociable
And bids thee live! if not, we are thy Caſtle.
Phil. Oh hold, forbear this impious profanation!
The King's all God-like good; and for me, Gentlemen,
I am, what I deſire to be, your Friend;
I am what I am proud to be, your Prince.
Phar. Sir, there is ſome Humanity in you,
You have a noble Soul; forget my name,
And know my miſery; ſet me ſafe aboard
From theſe wild Cannibals, and as I live,

I'll

I'll leave the Land for ever.

Phil. Deliver me the Prince, I'll warrant you
I ſhall be old enough to find my ſafety.
Now my good friends return home to your Houſes,
And know there ſhall be nothing in my Power
You may deſerve, but you ſhall have your wiſhes:
Continue ſtill your Love, and for an Earneſt
Drink this.

All. Long mayſt thou live brave Prince. [*Exeunt Shouting.*

Phil. And for you Prince of *Spain*, you have ſtill leave
To make an honourable Voyage home:
And if you will go furniſht to your Realm
With fair Proviſion, I do ſee a Lady
Methinks would gladly bear you company.
How do you like this piece?

Megr. He likes it well:
For he has try'd it, Sir, and found it worth
His Princely liking: But, thou unkind Prince,
Can ſhame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others; or have Princes ſalves
To cure ill names, that meaner People want?

Phil. What mean you!

Megr. You muſt get another Ship
To bear the Princeſs and the Boy together;
Others took me, and I took her and him,
At what all Women may be ta'ne ſometimes.
Ship us all four, my Lord, we can endure
Weather and Wind alike.

Phil. Oh thou black Envy!
Is thy Infernal Fire-brand never quench'd?

Bell. Sir, let that work be mine. Thou vileſt Creature!
Permit this Lord to talk with me alone,
And I will utter truths, ſhall with a breath
Confound the ſhame of this malicious Woman.
My Lord.

Dion. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not?

Bell. Know you this face my Lord?

Dion. No!

Bell. Have you not ſeen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have ſeen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bell. I have been often told
In Court of one *Euphraſia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me,
They that would flatter my bad Face, won'd ſwear

There

There was ſuch near reſemblance, that we two
Could not be known aſunder, dreſt alike.
Dion. By Heav'n and ſo there is; nay, and thou ſpeakſt
As like her as thou look'ſt: Is't poſſible!
Oh let me gaze upon thee! art thou ſhe?
Where wert thou born?
Bell. In *Syracuſe*.
Dion. What's thy Name?
Bell. Euphraſia.
Dion. Oh my ſhame! Now all's diſcovered.
King. What is diſcoverd Sir?
Dion. Her Vertue and my Shame!
It is a Woman,
Phil. How! Say that again.
Dion. It is a Woman.
King. Lay hold upon that Lady. [*To Megra.*]
Phil. It is a Woman!——Oh my *Arethuſa*,
Thy fair and vertuous Name ſhall live to Ages,
In ſpite of all Hells malice.
King. But ſpeak You,
Where lies his Shame!
Bel. I am his Daughter,
Areth. The Gods are juſt.
Dion. I dare accuſe none, but before you two
The vertue of our Age, I bend my knee
For Mercy.
Phil. Take it freely, for I know,
Though what thou didſt was indiſcreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
Areth. And for me I have the Power
To Pardon Sins as oft as any Man
Has Power to wrong me.
Phil. But *Bellario*,
(For I muſt call thee ſtill ſo,) tell me why
Thou didſt conceal thy Sex, it was a fault,
A Fault *Bellario*, though thy other Deeds
Of Truth out-weigh'd it. All theſe Jealouſies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadſt diſcovered
What now we know.
Bell. My Father would oft ſpeak
Your Worth and Virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprahenſive, I did thirſt
To ſee the Man ſo praiſed. But yet all this
Was but a Maiden longing to be loſt,
As ſoon as found, till ſitting in my Window
Printing my thoughts in Lawn, I ſaw a God

I thought

I thought, but it was you enter'd our Gates,
Then was I call'd away to entertain you.
Never was Pleasure sure that equall'd mine.
You left a kiss upon these Lips which I
Will keep from you for ever. When you were gone
I grew acquainted with my Heart and searched
What stird it so; Alas, I found it Love.
Yet far from an impure desire, for cou'd I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble Father
With a feind Pilgrimage, and dresst my self
In habit of a Boy. And for I knew
My Birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of that high Bliss. And understanding well
That when I made discovery of my Sex
I cou'd not stay with you, I made a Vow
By all the most Religious things a Maid
Could call together, never to be known
Whilst there was hopes to hide me from men's Eyes;
Then sate I by the Fount, where first you took me up.

King. Search out a Match through my whole Kingdoms,
And I will pay thy Dowry; and thy self
Will't well deserve him.

Bell. Never, Sir will I
Marry; it is a thing within my Vow.
But if I may have leave to serve the Princess,
And see the Virtues of her Lord, and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Areth. Yes live with me,
Live free as I do, she that loves my Lord
With thy chast flame,
Curst be that Wife that hates her.

Phil. I grieve such Vertue should be laid in Earth
Without an Heir. Hear me my Royal Father,
Think not to take Revenge on that base Woman;
Her Malice cannot hurt us: Set her free
From all but Shame and Sin.

King. Set her at Liberty.
But leave the Court for ever. You Prince *Pharamond*
Shall have safe Conduct home.

Phil. Yes, *Pharamond* return,
Back to thy *Spain*; till then I am thy friend.
But when we meet again — For we shall meet———

Phar. Yes, let me meet thee Prince, meet thee to bid
Thy native *Arragon* once more call thee Lord,
For Oh! Thou hast vanquish'd me:

Such

Such conquering Virtue
Has won thee back thy Crown.
King. And now bleſt Pair,
Joyn, Joyn your Hands in one. Enjoy, *Philaſter*,
This Kingdom which is yours. And after me
Whatever I call mine.

——Let Princes learn
By this to Rule the Paſſions of their Blood,
For what Heav'n Wills, can never be withſtood.

FINIS.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girle.

Ladies, to ſupplicate our Plays ſucceſs,
Hither I am ſent, a ſmall Embaſſadreſs.
Once our Philaſter *was a Lady's Play;*
And if in the laſt Age ſo warm a Ray
From that high Sphear the glittering Boxes ſhin'd,
Shall Beauties bright Succeſſion be leſs kind!
If he pleas'd then, he muſt your Favour ſhare:
For Goodneſs is entail'd upon the Fair.
I would implore the Mens ſweet kindneſs too:
But I'm too Young for their dear ſmiles to ſue.
Beſide, what hopes has my weak Eloquence,
My ſlender Oratory, feeble Senſe!
Perhaps I may ſpeak Reaſon ---three Years hence.
Then a ſoft Story whiſper'd in your Ear,
Would be a Tale you wou'd be glad to hear.
However though I am too young a Face,
Kind Gallants, in your Eyes to hope for Grace:
Yet for once let me my requeſt obtain;
I beg this Play may live, nor let me beg in vain.
Nay Sirs, if nothing elſe your ſmiles can buy,
Be but ſo kind, out of meer Policy,
To grant me my firſt ſuite; On theſe Conditions,
That I may one Day grant you your Petitions.